

The Sketch



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MRS. KEELEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"A MODEL TRILBY," AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.

"The Rivals" certainly deserves more respect than is paid to it at the Court. However, the difference of rank between Shakspeare and Sheridan in stage eyes seems to be that, while both may and must be cut, only the latter, as a rule, nowadays, suffers from gags. I can, indeed, remember interpolations in Miss Mary Anderson's version of "A Winter's Tale," while Mr. Daly has played curious tricks, and is said to be engaged upon a daring desecration. It is not very atrocious to deal frivolously with the text of "The Rivals," for it is not difficult to invent Malapropisms or Bob Acres-isms equal to many of the original, but the necessity is not obvious, and the changes are no gain.

Mrs. John Wood has certainly added to her renown by her brilliant work as the descendant of Dogberry. The idea of such an actress in the part provokes a smile, since one knows that it is full of humour and she of comic force. It is hard to remember a case where she has not caused hearty laughter; in fact, "The Old Woman" is the only occasion where, within my memory, she was for five minutes on the stage without earning a laugh. It is not clear that the suggestions of her too great modernity really amount to more than that individual critics have curious standards of style. No one has found food for dissension in the Sir Anthony of Mr. William Farren, which has excited really universal admiration. The actor has a style in dealing with the old comedies that no one can rival; in modern plays he is somewhat formal and over-theatrical, but the fault disappears to some extent when he is dealing with Sheridan.

It is curious what an effect constant playing in musico-dramatic works has upon an actor's method. Had Mr. Arthur Williams never wandered from spoken plays, I am sure that his Bob Acres would have been brilliant, and certainly it is very funny. Yet one feels that he does not quite fit into the piece and style of the rest of the company. I can remember many other cases where very clever performers, famous in comic opera or burlesque, have not seemed at home in the legitimate. Everybody felt that Lurcher in "Dorothy" was excellent, whereas Lurcher, though funny in itself, does not fit well into "The Rivals." Let it be recorded that Mr. Arthur Williams caused very hearty laughter—a statement which, to some, may seem to invalidate my remarks.

One of the pleasantest matters in the production is the Captain Absolute of Mr. Sydney Brough—a charming piece of work. Pleasure came also from the comical David of Mr. Cheeseman, the amusing Fag of Mr. Nye Chart, and the capital Sir Lucius of Mr. Brandon Thomas. It is a pity that the Julia and Lydia have not more of the necessary style.

It has been a very busy week, but little, save the pieces that I deal with elsewhere, demands serious consideration. "Merrifield's Ghost," at the Vaudeville, is a fair specimen of simple-minded comedietta, well calculated to please the average playgoer. I should have thought that Mr. H. M. Paull would have contrived to show more of his cleverness in it, for, in truth, its chief quality is that of telling a plain, rather violent, story clearly. Now, in other work the author has shown some touches of unusual cleverness. The best thing in the affair is the acting of Mr. Wilfred Draycott in a lover's part. Mr. Draycott has such a pleasant, manly charm that one regrets that he does not get better parts. Mr. Sydney Warden and Mr. Volpe did excellent work.

It is a pity that Mr. Crummles could not have seen the lock at Marlow as it was presented to us at the Princess's; and yet I fear that he might have drowned himself in it, in envy of a realistic spectacle so far beyond his wildest dreams. I could hardly advise you to see "The Dark Secret" as a drama, for the play—a not very brilliant version of Le Fanu's "Uncle Silas"—may be said to be drowned in the two hundred tons of water that invade the stage. Perhaps it does not matter very much. At any rate, the Henley and Marlow scenes are worth a visit; nothing so good of its kind have I seen before, and when a real steam-launch—the "scorcher" of the Thames—came on and shrieked, whistled, let off steam, to the detriment of its lady passengers, and set up a wave by the screw, one could not be surprised at a yell of applause from people who, in actual life, hate the real thing. The company is better than the piece. Miss Agnes Hewitt acts capitally as the heroine, and swam about in the tank as if she were enjoying herself. Mr. Robert Pateman, a man of many parts, played with much power as a villain, if somewhat more roughly than usual.

I am sorry that "The Lord Mayor" died so soon, for there was some, if not very much, good matter in it. Yet there was some compensation in the fact that "Niobe" was to be revived, for the farcical comedy really is one of considerable merit, and deserved its former success. Whether it will run well again is not clear, since, setting aside Mr. Paulton, Miss Lamb, and Mr. Scott Buist, the company is not so strong as it might be, and used to be. Mr. Paulton is as funny as ever in a part that fits his peculiar style to perfection. Miss Lamb's method is just as excellently matched for Niobe, and, consequently, the fun never flagged while the two were on the stage, and, fortunately, they were on during most of the piece.

I looked in at St. George's Hall on Thursday and saw the last act of "The Prude's Progress" as performed by the Vaudeville Club. It was admirably played, Mr. Frank Hole being excellent as Cherry, and Miss Edith James as Primrose Dean.

Mention may be made of an amusing skit referring to an imaginary play, "in three acts and twenty-nine scenes, by a prominent Machinist," entitled "The Locomotive's Revenge." Then followed this imitation advertisement: "The management beg to announce that twenty-two goats, four cows, and seventeen horses will support one of the best-equipped locomotives ever built. The human beings who will appear to lend local colour to the machinery and animals comprise one pugilist, one divorced woman, and one bank-robber." A strong cast, assuredly!

Who would not be an actress—at least, a successful actress? When Miss Nellie Farren sat in the centre of the stage, splendid in white satin and spangles, she had a five-minutes' ovation that must have been more intoxicating than anything in the life of mere painter, musician, or literary man. What does it matter to her if cold-blooded people will pretend that it is ridiculous to make such a fuss over a successful performer in a lowly department of our not too lofty modern drama? Like Agnes Ebb Smith, she has had her hour, and no sneering can dim the recollection of the five-minutes' din from pit and gallery. Who would not be an actress? For there is no other path in life that offers such a reward, such a treat to human vanity, as return for work which, though very good in its way, has little dramatic or artistic value. Yet I must say that it was pleasant to see what warm hearts the people have, to observe how grateful for past entertainment and pitiful for the actress kept off the stage by illness.

I wonder whether the feeling shown in the reception will take the form of making the new programme a success as it stands? I fear not. After all, one goes to the theatre to be entertained by what is given, and not by mere recollection, and I cannot fancy that many of the house were entertained by "Nannie," the play that was "guyed" before it reached a premature ending, for, apparently, the fall of the curtain surprised the performers, and left Mr. Oscar Adye with unspoken words on his lips. I do not think that the house was fair to Mr. Warren's two-act drama, and to the company that played it very well. No doubt it seemed old-fashioned, and certainly it was simple—*naïve*, one would say—to a surprising extent; yet it had some merit. The studious avoidance of subsidiary plot, and the unimportance of the auxiliary characters, combined with the directness of exposition, gave the play an empty, almost bald effect; but there came a force from this baldness, and, had the author kept down a tendency to flowery language, and avoided tedious dialect, the play might have had a great effect if the house had been sympathetic.

Personally, I have a horror of dialect in novels and plays, and venture to recommend to readers at least a simple proposition—that the time to read dialect works is when one has read all the worthy books written in pure English. I fear there is a Greek Kalends idea in this.

The performance was decidedly good, particularly in the case of Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. F. Montgomery, Mr. Edward Sass, and Miss Cudmore, though I must add that the young lady has not weight enough for the part of heroine.

"A Model Trilby," in one respect, is much like the book, a curious mixture of the entertaining and the tedious. So long as the skit is a skit, there is lively, pointed humour in it, but when it comes to be a question of incidental numbers, there is not much praise due. This is largely caused by the fact that Herr Meyer Lütz, who had a royal reception, has not been happy in his music; it is full of a kind of gaiety and liveliness, but hardly a number has such a swing as to catch the ear; in fact, the one air that had the needful life and movement was, like the time of Ben Bolt, imported.

Luckily there were ingenious turns of humour, such as the discovery of "Gilbey" as the one true rhyme for "Trilby," or the suggestion that Miss Kate Cutler is small as the heroine, "because the part has been cut down"; the rhyme of "prig-you-are" to the mispronunciation of "figure"; the idea that Little Billee's rage about "the altogether" was due to his not being allowed to see it, or the rendering of Svengali's teaching the means of making Trilby lose her voice. Moreover, in the part of Durien, the author, Mr. Eric Lewis was allowed to poke fun wittily, if somewhat cruelly, at Mr. Du Maurier.

The success of the evening was the Svengali of Mr. Robb Harwood, who was Mr. Tree to the life, and caused the audience to roar with laughter when he tried to make little managerial announcements about midnight *matinées*, &c.—a cleverer piece of work of the kind can rarely have been seen. Miss Kate Cutler did not try to mimic Miss Baird; her work as singer, actress, and dancer was pleasing, if somewhat light in calibre. One of the best was Mr. Eric Lewis, who sang his song of middle-class respectability—the best number in the work—very well, and was decidedly amusing in a quiet, unforced manner. Mr. C. P. Little was funny as the Laird, and his "Je prong" sometimes had a very droll effect, and Mr. Farren Soutar's Taffy was entertaining. Mr. George Antley hit off the original Little Billee comically. It is a pity that the ladies of the company were not somewhat stronger, and that for the "Trilby" septet dance, which is rather good, some prettier dresses were not found. I should have mentioned Mr. E. H. Kelly, whose Thomas Bagot had its moment of laughter. Taken "altogether," the skit is somewhat disappointing; but it has so much that is clever that it should be easy to work it up into one of the best of modern burlesques. I fear "Nannie" must go, for the audience has said "nenni" to it, and yet I half regret its fate, particularly when I remember that Miss Cudmore appeared as the prodigal daughter in red instead of the traditional black.

MONOCLE.

The Incorporated Society of Her Majesty's Warrant-Holders has recently been established for the purpose of suppressing a growing practice on the part of a number of tradesmen throughout England of exhibiting over their shops and on their bill-heads the Royal Arms. As a matter of right, this privilege is only conferred by Royal Warrant. Mr. Tom Simpson Jay, of Regent Street, has been elected president of the society.



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SMALL TALK.

The weather had been cold and wintry for more than a fortnight before the Queen left Balmoral, but her Majesty took a daily drive, and she paid all her usual farewell visits to the tenants on the royal estates and the cottagers at Crathie, and also went to Crathie Churchyard to place the usual "departure wreath" on John Brown's grave. Her Majesty left Balmoral on Friday, and reached Windsor on Saturday morning. The royal party drove, as usual, to Ballater Station, where a guard of honour awaited their arrival. No exceptional precautions were taken to secure the safety of the royal train, but orders were issued by Sir Arthur Bigge forbidding the publishing of the special time-table in the local Scotch papers.

The Lord- and Groom-in-Waiting, Lord Churchill and Captain Drummond of Megginch, arrived at Windsor Castle on Saturday. During the Queen's sojourn in Scotland the services of these ornamental functionaries are dispensed with, as there is only accommodation at Balmoral for those Court officials whose presence is absolutely necessary. The post of "Lord-in-Waiting" is a very pleasant sinecure. The "Lord's" duties consist of his living very comfortably at one of the royal palaces for about three weeks in the year, and for this arduous service he receives from a grateful country the satisfactory salary of £700 per annum. It is, therefore, little wonder that there is always a plethora of applicants for these desirable posts.

The Duchess of Albany, who has been passing the autumn at Claremont, is to be the guest of the Queen at Windsor Castle next week, and, later, the Duchess is to visit the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. The Duchess will go to the South of France, with her children, early in February.

The Duke of Cambridge is going again to Six Mile Bottom towards the end of the month, accompanied by the Prince of Wales. The Duke has numerous country-house engagements during the next seven weeks, including visits to the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, to the Duke of Grafton at Euston, to Lord Ancaster at Grimsthorpe Castle, and to Captain Pretymann at Orwell Park.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to be the guests of the Queen at Windsor Castle the end of this week, and are shortly to pay a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha is to spend a day or two at Bagshot before he leaves England.

It is my pleasant duty to offer my congratulations to Mr. David Williamson, the new editor of the *Windsor Magazine*. Mr. Williamson, who is probably the youngest (and, I may add, the tallest) editor in London, is well under the thirties, and was born at Guildford, where his

family have been well known for many generations. Instead of going up to the University, he elected to enter business life on the most practical lines, and he went through a long apprenticeship in every branch of the printing trade, under the supervision of Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney. In course of time he became editor of the firm's excellent cyclopædia, "*Hazell's Annual*," and his personality at once was transmitted to its pages, for he turned out an issue which, on its biographical side, has never since been equalled. After a lengthened holiday in the Mediterranean, he joined the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, just three years ago, and since that

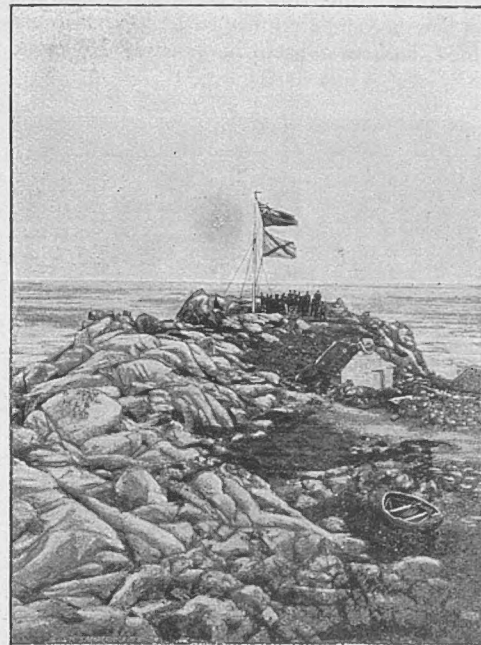


MR. DAVID WILLIAMSON,
THE NEW EDITOR OF THE "WINDSOR MAGAZINE."

time he has been closely associated with me on our various publications. Mr. Williamson scores as journalist in possessing an almost cyclopædic knowledge of the personalities of the time; he writes with great facility, and he has a keen sense of what is readable—qualifications which go to make the good journalist. He is one of the most courteous of men, as many of my contributors have reason to know, and he has proved himself a good comrade and a loyal and considerate colleague. Altogether, he starts well in his editorial flight, and, while sorry to have had to lose him, I wish him every success in his new post.

Through the courtesy of Mr. John Sullivan, the Queen's Historian for the Channel Islands, I am enabled to present to our readers a view of Maitre Islet, the most prominent rock on that dangerous reef which is some ten miles from the Castle and the harbour of St. Helier. These rocks are, with the rest of the Channel Isles, the last remaining jewels of

the crown of the Conqueror. Two months ago, the Governor of Jersey, accompanied by a few members of the States, set out to inspect the roads. The Union Jack and the St. Andrew's flag (wrongly named the "Jersey flag") were hoisted on the staff and saluted by the cheers of the elated spectators. These facts were communicated to the inhabitants of St. Malo and Grandville, who wired in detail what had taken place to the Paris newspapers, in which virulent articles appeared, declaring positively that the Minquiers belonged to France, and not to Britannia. A diplomatic correspondence has taken place between the Foreign Offices of both countries, who, if rumour is correct, wish to name a Commission, as they did in 1883 in the matter of the Ecrehos, when it was proved that these islets belonged to the British Crown.



MAÎTRE ISLET.

Lightness and artistic grace rather than heavy magnificence will characterise "*Cinderella*," the Drury Lane annual now in the throes of preparation. Rumour has it that Sir Augustus Harris will again excel himself in this the seventeenth pantomime he has produced at old Drury, and, although this takes a lot of doing, there is no doubt he will do it. It would be premature as yet to speak of all the novelties in store for the Boxing Night audience, but we are promised a magnificent ball-room scene, and Cinderella's state coach will be an up-to-date surprise. As at present arranged, the cast of characters is as follows: Miss Ada Blanche will be the Prince; Miss Dagmar, Dandini; Miss Victor and Miss Sophie Larkin, the two sisters; Dan Leno, the Baroness; Herbert Campbell, the Baron; and the Brothers Griffiths, two brokers' men. Miss Lily Harold will be the Fairy Godmother, and Mr. Lionel Rignold the Professor.

The recent successes of Mr. Arthur Shirley as a dramatist have led to talk concerning his being engaged as collaborator for two West-End theatres. A bright, genial man, and, indeed, a thoroughly good fellow, Mr. Shirley is much liked in Bohemia generally, and particularly by theatrical people, with whom he mixes freely. He knows French very well, a fact that has been of service to him in some of his dramatic work, and he acted as interpreter to the members of the Comédie Française on one of their early visits to London. Formerly merely moustachioed, Mr. Shirley has latterly grown a full beard.

Up till a few years back his chief success had been that dramatic "shocker," "*The Grip of Iron*," which has been played on tour for thousands of nights, and in which, as I have noted before, a friend of mine used to be throttled every evening by a herculean strangler. Of late he has gone in largely for collaboration, notably with Mr. Benjamin Landeck and Mr. George Conquest senior. With the just-mentioned actor-acrobat-dramatist-manager, Mr. Shirley has composed "*Phantoms*," "*The Work-Girl*," and "*A Tale of the Thames*," all Surrey melodramas, written to suit a certain class of popular audiences. The Shirley-Landeck "*Saved from the Sea*" and "*Tommy Atkins*" have drawn many West-Enders to "the Drury Lane of the East," and to the same conjunction of brains and pens are also due "*A Lion's Heart*" and "*The King of Crime*." "*The Lightning's Flash*" is another of Arthur Shirley's successful pieces, and he collaborated with a second rising playwright, Mr. Sutton Vane, in "*Under the Mask of Truth*," in which Mr. Charles Warner has been appearing for some time.

Miss Vane Featherston has arranged for an afternoon-tea recital in the Queen's Hall to-morrow fortnight, in aid of several charities, and to assist a fund for providing Christmas dinners for some of those connected with the theatrical profession who are in distress or want. Among other artists who have promised their services are Mr. Charles H. Hawtrey, Mr. Maurice Farkoa, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Vane Featherston, Miss Sylvia Grey, and Miss Marie Tempest. The tea will be served during the interval (free of charge) by a bevy of well-known beauties.

Jack Tar must have his little amusements. In the Navy, in fact, he has become quite an expert entertainer. In the long evenings of the winter months, and, indeed, throughout the whole year on the Mediterranean station, and especially when ships are among the islands of the Levant, time hangs heavily on the hands of both officers and men, and means of amusement are eagerly sought after. Perhaps the most successful method of killing time is the organisation of a "show" on board, and it has now become a regular custom for ships to get one up. H.M.S. *Rodney*, which has now been in commission about eighteen months, early



STOKER GLOVER IN "SOME OF YER DO GIT ABHAT."
Photo by Cassar, Malta.

established a reputation for the best entertainment in the fleet. This has always been the same in style—a minstrel troupe to commence the performance, then a short interval, and finally a variety show. With two exceptions, the whole of the performers are on the lower deck. When she was at Malta, the other week, a capital "show" was given. Undoubtedly the success of the performance is due to the exertions of Mr. Dewhurst, one of the assistant-engineers of the *Rodney*, and the only commissioned officer performing. In addition to organising the whole thing, he simply brings down the house with impersonations of Miss Marie Lloyd and Mr. Gus Elen. He is ably

backed up by the junior boatswain of the ship, Mr. Patterson, who is of the greatest assistance in every way. Up till the performance recently given at Gibraltar, the troupe had been attired in the regulation "nigger" costume, with black faces. They now appear as Pierrots, an innovation that has been very well received. Needless to say, Fleet topics are introduced freely into the songs, any "hit" at another ship being wildly cheered; and topical songs are always well received—for instance, the last one, "We've just had a wire to say so," was encored no less than four times, and extra verses had to be given on each occasion of this song. The following is a specimen verse—

In August our sportsmen some partridges shot—
We've just had a wire to say so;
And most of the birds scarce a feather had got—
We've just had a wire to say so.
As there're game laws in England, we cannot see why
In Turkey some shoot birds before they can fly;
To be such true sportsmen, well, damned if we'd try!—
We've sent them a wire to say so.

La Loie Fuller is, or soon will be, back at the Palace Theatre with something extrayagantly special in the way of a fancy dance. I sincerely wish that the ugly gymnastics of serpentine and such things would come to an end. There can be nothing fascinating about work that could be done by a machine as well as by a human being, and only the latter-day passion for what is grotesque has enabled "splits" and "serpentine" to remain in our midst. Kate Vaughan redeemed dancing from a chaos of vulgarity, Lettie Lind, Sylvia Grey, and Katie Seymour followed up the good work, and Mabel Love danced similar measures. Then came the ugly craze, and straightway the grace and simplicity of skirt-dancing gave way to the inanity of voluminous draperies and the uncouth barbarity of "splits." Miss Fuller has made a great success, but I prefer to recollect her in the pretty little *lever de rideau* at the Gaiety, where she played with Mr. G. T. Minshall. She has some gifts as a light-comedy actress, and can, or could, sing, so that she was not driven to serpentine from lack of anything better to do. I do not think for a moment that the public will tolerate any more fancy dancing of the rainbow-coloured type, and Miss Fuller would do well to let it die a natural death. Writing of the Palace Theatre reminds me that an entirely new set of pictures will be produced towards the end of next month.

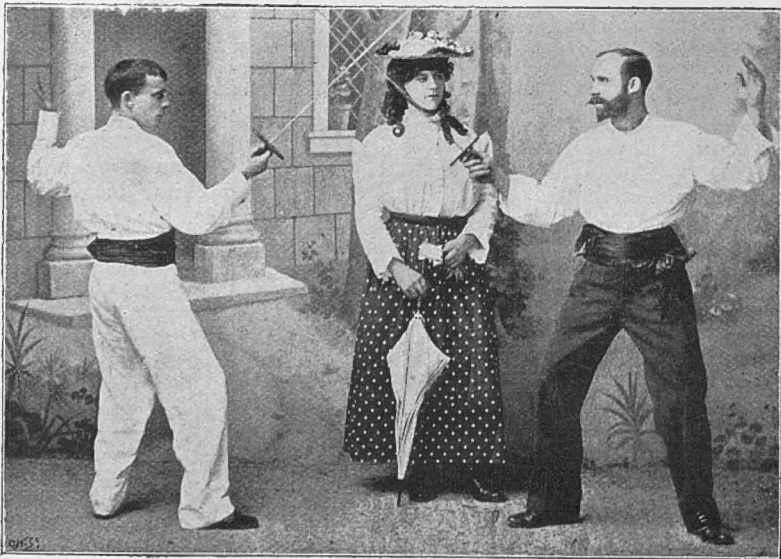
Miss Alice Atherton, who has lately been working the music-halls, is a decided acquisition to those festive places. Her songs are good, and her method of singing them is capital, while her long stage-experience has endowed her with the restraint necessary to render the best possible justice to the style of songs she chooses. I shall not readily forget how Miss Atherton carried the burden of "Jaunty Jane Shore" at the Strand Theatre. On the first night, before the piece was cut down and brightened-up by its ingenious authors, "Richard-Henry," it hung fire, and the fate of the production was trembling in the balance. The necessity for being

at her very best seemed to nerve Miss Atherton to make a supreme effort, and the way in which she conquered all opposition with her barmaid song was a treat to witness. It was risky to put on something depending entirely on pantomime more than half-way through a burlesque; but the applause justified the measure. Miss Atherton is, as all play-goers know, the mother of clever little Miss May Edouin, and I am glad to hear that the young lady is going well in the provinces. I hope we shall see her in town again soon. The last time I saw her was when her sprightly acting almost consoled me for wasting an evening on that somewhat dreary entertainment called "A Trip to China Town," which dragged its slow length along at Toole's Theatre some little time ago. Miss May Edouin made a capital boy, and sang and danced with a vigour worthy of a better piece.

I heard the other day a funny story of how a certain well-known French concert-hall singer gave an American management a much-needed lesson in politeness. At the house in question it was the rule, rather than the exception, to treat the artists with very little consideration. The lady was imported from Paris at a big salary, and, on arriving in Chicago, which was her destination, she called at the theatre, was told that the manager was out, and that a rehearsal would take place on the following day. She did not appear, and the rehearsal was postponed, and calls and postponements were the order of the hour for some days, when the manager became alarmed, and hurried off to her hotel. "Good gracious, madame!" he said indignantly, "the band has been called on for four successive days; you have never appeared, and you open the night after next! Have you been ill, or what is the matter?" "Sir," replied the fair singer, in her broken English, "Monsieur the directory of the orchestra should haf call at my appartement, tell me officially of ze rehearsal, and offer to see me to ze theatre. Mon Dieu, monsieur! but you haf no etiquette here!" There can be no doubt but that the lady was a little too particular in this instance, but the remonstrance was not without value, and inaugurated a fashion of politeness to which the house had long been a stranger.

America seems determined to have the best of everything. I hear that "An Artist's Model" is going over, and this means that London will soon be losing many of those whose charms or talent make life worth living. I am very pleased to hear that Miss Letty Lind will not be among the travellers across the ocean, and that, in fact, several of the present company will remain at home. The piece that will ultimately replace "An Artist's Model" will deal with Japan, but the time for the new production seems as far off as the country in question. By the way, I hear that a syndicate has offered to come to terms with Mr. Edwardes to produce all his London successes in New York, and reserve them exclusively for that town. There are too many conditions and uncertainties about the matter for me to do more than refer to it just at present. The plan is an ingenious one, and would probably bring crowds from the neighbouring cities to the American capital. America acts towards England as England acts towards France, and takes all popular things on trust. By the way, Miss Marie Tempest is singing a beautiful song, called "The Nightingale," in the second act of "An Artist's Model." The human nightingale who renders the piece so exquisitely tells me that it saved the comic opera of which it was originally a part. I cannot help thinking that the charm of Miss Tempest's voice and manner must have had as much to do with the play's salvation as the words and music.

I rub my eyes as I read that a three-act comedy, entitled "The Cat's Paw," adapted by Max O'Rell from "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," has lately been produced at an American theatre. I did not know that the satirist of John Bull had turned playwright. In Herman Merivale's adaptation of this amusing piece by Labiche, called "Peacock's Holiday," the lamented Mr. W. J. Hill used to be immensely funny.



A STATUE DANCE ON H.M.S. "RODNEY."
Photo by Cassar, Malta.

Miss Ina Goldsmith, the charming actress who is now appearing in "A Life of Pleasure" at the Pavilion, has only recently returned from her second long tour with the "Life of Pleasure" company, in which she opened at the Grand in the comedy rôle, and has repeated the success scored there all through the provinces. She has now been in the professional world for ten years, having made her début at the Novelty in November 1885, on the production of "The Japs." Then she was in "Vanderdecken" and "The Babes," and at the close of Mr. Edouin's season went on tour with Mr. Compton Coutts' company with "Borrowed," and, after several other engagements, she undertook her first pantomime



MISS INA GOLDSMITH.
Photo by Beaufort, Birmingham.

part at the Comedy Theatre, Manchester, where she played a small part in "Red Riding Hood," and understudied Miss Nellie L'Estrange as "principal boy," scoring several successes in that rôle, and being allotted the part when the show moved on to York. After that she was Barbara Herrick in "In the Ranks," and on the same tour also played the heroine in "Alone in London." In the autumn of 1888 she succeeded Miss Grace Huntley as Lady Grace in Mr. Willie Edouin's production of "Run Wild" at the Strand, after which she was the Nellie Denver in Mr. Charles Dornton's "Silver King" company; but at Christmas she was again secured for pantomime, and was seen in "The Forty Thieves" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Then came a year's tour with "The Balloon," and, in February 1890, she was specially engaged by Mr. Beerbohm Tree to play Miss Julia Neilson's part in "A Man's Shadow" on tour, and on her return she again joined Mr. Edouin's company at the Strand, remaining with him for three years. Then she was engaged by Mr. Hare for the Garrick production of "Mrs. Lessingham," after which a short season at the Opéra Comique brought her to her recent engagement with Sir Augustus Harris's company, for, in all the ten years of her stage experience, Miss Goldsmith has never yet realised the meaning of the word "resting."

I hear, on very good authority, that Mrs. Langtry is going to have a new theatre built for her in London. I am not at liberty to say precisely where it will be, but negotiations are proceeding satisfactorily for a splendid site not a hundred miles away from the three large West-End variety-houses.

"Vogue la galère: vive Trilby!" Expressing this feeling in English, the popular music-hall comedian, Mr. Fred Williams (brother, I think, of the new Bob Acres, Mr. Arthur Williams) has had his youngest daughter just christened Dorothy Trilby. Another point. Among the most amused and interested of the spectators of the production of the so-called "Trilby Triflet," that has been introduced into the second act of "Gentleman Joe," were Miss Dorothea Baird's sister and her husband, Mr. E. T. Cook, of the *Westminster Gazette*.

Whether the "Trilby" at the Haymarket is as good as most of the critics think, or as bad as one declared, there is no doubt about the tremendous "business" that is being done at the historic house. In newspaper paragraphs to this effect I am not always an absolute believer, but my own eyes I do not doubt as yet, and last Wednesday, passing down the Haymarket at twelve o'clock noon, I saw a small crowd outside the pit, circle, and gallery doors. Retracing my steps in about an hour's time, I found a queue of well-dressed, quiet, and orderly folks, mostly of the softer sex, which extended south as far as opposite the bottom of the site where once stood Her Majesty's Theatre, and north to the corner of James Street. Many more folks, like the oysters in "Alice through the Looking-Glass," "hurried up, all eager for the treat," while I dawdled for a few minutes, and some of them went away after consulting a policeman as to the holding-capacity of the cheaper parts of the house. Such a sight as this is a finer advertisement for Mr. Tree than any that he pays for. There is no doubt about a "genuine" success when crowds of folks will wait a couple of hours for a morning performance. The American "Trilby fever" has certainly spread to this country.

Mr. George Hippisley, who is included in the cast of "The Manxman" at the Shaftesbury, is pretty sure to be well known in the West-End before long. He has recently been playing an important part on tour with one of "The Home Secretary" companies, but my recollection of him dates back to the time when I saw him play Philammon to the Hypatia of Miss Fortescue and the Issachar of Mr. Murray Carson. With his good presence, excellent elocution, and sincerity of style, Mr. Hippisley will "see his chance and take it" in the near future.

There was a highly amusing, but to the writer, no doubt, extremely disconcerting, printer's error in the notice of "The Squire of Dames" in a Sunday paper. In his reference to the charming love-scene between Zoë Nuggetson and Mr. Kilroy, the critic is made to allude to the "coming indisposition" shown by the heiress from out West, instead of to her "coming-on disposition," as, of course, he wrote. Speaking of Mr. Carton's adaptation of "L'Ami des Femmes," I noted, in the delivery of the dialogue on the first night, several instances of "the divided infinitive," and one case of that barbarism, "no less than," used in place of "no fewer than."

It is not often that a débutante has such a good chance, nor, we may add, is it often that so favourable a first impression is made, as has been the case with Miss Arnold in the most recent Pavilion success of "Tommy Atkins." The part, although a small one, is prominent, since



MISS ELSIE ARNOLD IN "TOMMY ATKINS."
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

much of the story depends on the character—that of an innocent young heiress saved at the church altar from being the bride of the villain of the piece, who, of course, has already at least one wife living. We shall look forward with interest to this young lady's future career. Her portrait will indicate that Nature has been bounteous to her.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S MARRIAGE.

The marriage of an American heiress with a member of the English peerage is in itself an event not so infrequent as to create any exceptional excitement; but in the case of the wedding of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough, various circumstances conspired to make it

quite the sensational match of the year. The title of the bridegroom is part of the history of England; the wealth of the bride is enormous, even for the land in which millions are an everyday method of measuring fortunes. There was, too, a certain amount of romance about the match, which lent it an interest which does not invariably attach to such alliances. The engagement was brief, the mutual attachment indisputable. It was no mere partnership between plethoric money-bags and a great title, but a union of two young people who are credited with strong affection for each other; and it is quite certain that the marriage has given widespread satisfaction both in England and America.

The wedding took place at noon, on Wednesday, Nov. 6, at the

as nothing is more embarrassing and unpleasant than any contretemps at a wedding, which throws everything into confusion.

St. Thomas's Church is a somewhat heavy building, but *carte blanche* given to a fashionable florist had worked wonders, and the vestibule was metamorphosed into a veritable bower of flowers and foliage, the walls being covered with graceful vines, the columns embedded in exquisite foliage, and every foot of space not actually required for the passage of the bride's procession transformed into a mass of glowing blossom. Within the building the scene was remarkable. Three Gothic arches, made of lilies-of-the-valley and the feathery spray of asparagus fern, spanned the aisle between the entrance-porch and the altar, hundreds of yards of fragrant, lovely roses swung from pillar to pillar, long garlands of pure-white lilies and dainty foliage were pendent from the dome to the floor, masses of lilies hid the chancel rails, and the organ, the choir-stalls, even the vestry doors, were veiled with exquisite white violets, brought from sheltered Alpine valleys, and with beautiful roses whose perfume filled the church like the very incense of Nature. It was, in sober truth, "roses, roses, all the way," and of a surety no young bride ever entered upon the path of her new life with happier omens. It was not long after noon when the march from "Lohengrin" announced the arrival of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and her sons, which was quickly followed by that of the Duke and his best man. Then came the bridesmaids, Miss Elsa Bronson, Miss Katherine Duer, Miss Laura Jay, Miss May Goelet, Miss Daisy Post, Miss Evelyn Burden, Miss Mary Norton, and Miss Mary Winthrop, all clad in gowns of pure-white satin, with broad girdles and sashes of *ciel-bleu* satin ribbon, having a charmingly pure and girlish effect, the costumes being completed with large royal-blue velvet Gainsborough hats with bell crowns, *ciel-bleu* satin

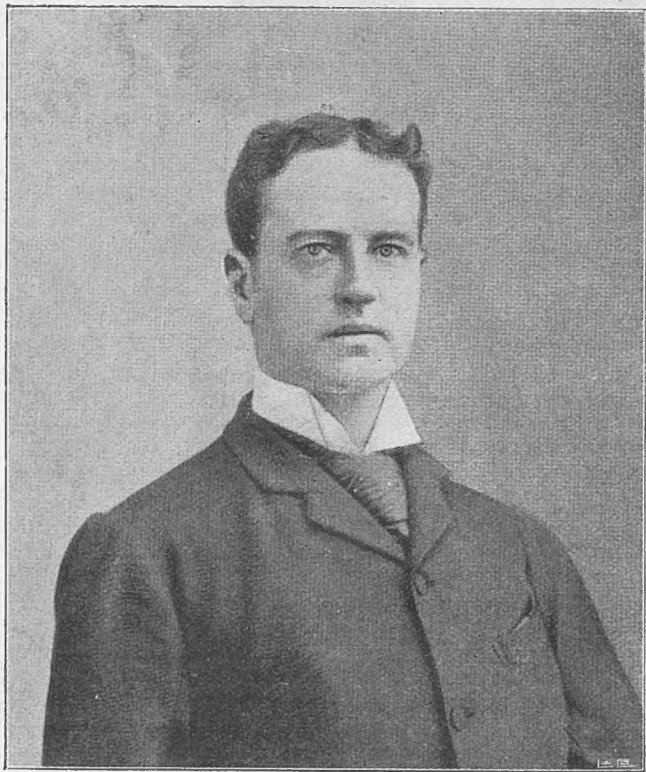


THE NEW DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

fashionable Fifth Avenue Church of St. Thomas, New York, Bishop Potter, who is quite the "Society" bishop of America, and Bishop Littlejohn performing the ceremony. For three hours before the commencement of the service, Fifth Avenue was filled with an eager crowd of men and women, all agog to see the bride and bridegroom and the fifteen hundred or so guests who had been flattered by invitations to the church, although only about a hundred and twenty were bidden to the subsequent breakfast. These comprised members of various leading families in New York, whose names are almost synonymous with millions: the Jays, the Mortons, the Goelets, and other potentates of



MRS. VANDERBILT, THE BRIDE'S MOTHER.



MR. W. K. VANDERBILT, THE BRIDE'S FATHER.

finance. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, and the Hon. Ivor Churchill Guest officiated as best man to his cousin the Duke.

The new Duchess of Marlborough is one of the most unpretentious and unaffected of ladies, but it was not to be expected that a marriage of so much distinction should be celebrated without some exceptional features, and, although it may at first seem curious to English taste that the ceremony should, in its main features, have been fully rehearsed in the church two days preceding the wedding, it was a wise precaution,



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

ribbon bands, with a chiffon rosette of the same colour on the right side, and six palest-blue ostrich-tips on the left. The bride, who was escorted by her father, looked perfectly calm and happy, and was handsomely gowned in cream satin and tulle, with a wealth of lovely *point d'Angleterre* lace, but not a single jewel. The train was five yards long, made in box pleats, with a lovely border of pearls and silver galon. The bodice was high-necked, with very full sleeves, close-fitting from the elbow to the wrist, whence they fell over the hands, gauntlet-wise. The veil was of exquisite Brussels lace, fastened by a tiara of orange-blossom.

The Duke made a departure from the usual American custom, and met his bride, English fashion, at the entrance to the chancel, her father leading her to the altar-steps. Slight, clean-shaven, scarcely looking even the twenty-four years of his age, the bridegroom stepped forward, flushing slightly, to meet his bride; and after Dr. John Wesley Brown had intoned the introductory charge, Bishop Potter began the English Marriage Service, this being specially chosen by the mother of the bride. After the service, the bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and their sons, Sir Julian Pauncefote, and the best man, entered the vestry, and signed the register. Meanwhile, the bridesmaids passed slowly down the aisle, scattering floral souvenirs of the wedding among the congregation. Then, to the incomparably jubilant "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn, the Duke and Duchess, smiling, debonair, and happy, passed down the centre aisle and drove away amid a storm of hearty cheering, which spoke well for the popularity of the alliance, and of the bride in particular, who is universally beloved for her modest and kindly nature.

The wedding breakfast at Mrs. Vanderbilt's house was hugely successful, the place being one mass of lovely flowers, and the greatest



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, WHERE THE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE.

cordiality and good-feeling prevailing. Governor Morton was the first to congratulate the bride, and the Duke and Duchess received their friends until 1.40 p.m., when breakfast was served in the Empire Dining-room, each male guest receiving a lovely little watch, small enough to be worn as a button-hole; and each lady a handsome gold *châtelaine*, as souvenirs of the marriage. During the breakfast, the British Ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, read out, amid much cheering, congratulatory telegrams from the Queen and the Prince of Wales. The young couple subsequently left for Oakdale, Long Island, where the honeymoon will be spent at Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's delightful country-house, Idle Hour. The Duke and Duchess will afterwards spend some time in the Southern States and on the Continent before coming to England.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough intend to reside at Blenheim immediately they come to this country, and that historic home of the Churchills will probably be the scene of much splendid hospitality. Its magnificent proportions, imposing towers, fine park, and superb apartments—upon the ceilings of some of which "sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre"—make it one of the stateliest of all the "stately homes of England," and there is no doubt that the early future will witness a complete revival of the ancient glories of the palace, which will once more be the scene of that semi-royal hospitality for which it is so perfectly designed.

The Duke of Marlborough inherits a title which is in itself a rarely great possession, and he is credited with both the talent and will to do honour to his



THE TIFFANY HOUSE.
THE VANDERBILTS' NEW YORK RESIDENCE.

inheritance. The Duchess comes to England with a reputation for being a worthy sharer of the historic honours of this great title; and the alliance is welcomed on both sides of the Atlantic as full of the happiest promise for both the bridegroom and the bride.

The Navy League is enlisting a satisfactory number of new recruits. The chief objects of the League, to urge upon the nation the paramount importance of an adequate Navy as the best guarantee of peace, and to secure a continuous policy in its maintenance, so that Great Britain may retain "The Command of the Sea," irrespective of party, will probably commend themselves to every Briton whose bosom is amenable to either the sentimental or the practical. "Rule Britannia" is a tune which still stirs the nation, with the exception of a very small and unimportant clique, and those who would aid in the good work should at once communicate with the hon. secretary of the League, Lieutenant H. T. C. Knox, late R.N., at the offices, 13, Victoria Street, S.W., who will supply them with all information on the subject. The annual subscription is a modest guinea, but contributors of even smaller sums can become Associates of the League. The names that figure on the General Council should command respect, and the excellent executive committee has Admiral Sir R. Vesey Hamilton as its chairman—a gallant officer whose stirring letter to British newspapers on the subject of the League was, doubtless, read by thousands. It is pleasant to see that the fair sex (who are such energetic and successful pleaders) are not to be excluded, and, indeed, among the handsome badges, supplied by the League to its members at a very trifling cost, special provision is made for their suitable adornment in the shape of brooches and buckles.

The altogether stupendous list of fixtures and "pencillings" for M. Paderewski's American tour shows that the Polish pianist will have a dreadfully busy time during the next six months. Upwards of sixty concerts are already arranged in all parts of the country, and then there will be a great deal of travelling to boot. In many large cities of the American commonwealth, as, for instance, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Pittsburg, and so forth, he gives several concerts, and the bookings also include Salt Lake City, Toronto, and Montreal.



THE VANDERBILTS' HOUSE
AT NEWPORT.

A GRAND OLD ACTRESS—MRS. KEELEY.

On Friday of this week, that grand old lady, Mrs. Keeley, completes her ninetyeth year, and, in honour of the event, there will be at the Lyceum on the afternoon of that day a big and distinguished gathering—a gathering alike of members of her profession and of the public which, in the persons of its fathers and grandfathers, mothers and grandmothers, used to salute with effusion her performances on the stage.

**THE THEATRE ROYAL,
ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, STRAND,
WILL OPEN
FOR THE
SUMMER SEASON
On THURSDAY NEXT, JUNE 30th 1825,
WITH AN ENTIRELY
NEW COMICK OPERA,
And other favorite Entertainments.**

The Proprietor has the satisfaction to announce, that the following
PERFORMERS OF UNRIVALLED TALENT
Have been re-engaged, in addition to the established and favorite Company of this Theatre

Miss STEPHENS,

Who will appear in the New Comick Opera:

Mr. BRAHAM,

Who will appear in a New Grand Opera

Mr. MATHEWS,

Who has again been prevailed upon to resume his dramatic situation, and for whom, novel scenic Pieces are in preparation

Miss PATON,

Who will resume her situation at this Theatre on the conclusion of her engagement at Covent Garden.

Miss KELLY,

Who will make her first Appearance this Year, and introduce to the stage

TWO YOUNG LADIES, (her Pupils.)

Amongst the additional Engagements, are—

Mr. COOPER, (from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden)

Mr. THORNE, (from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh)

Mr. DENMAN, (Pupil of Mr. Horneastle)

Mr. BOOTH, (from the Worthing Theatre)

Miss GOWARD, (from the Theatre Royal, Norwich)

Messrs. BARTLEY, WRENCH, T. P. COOKE, RAYNER, BROADHURST,
H. PHILLIPS, POWER, W. CHAPMAN, KEELEY, SLOMAN, SALTER,
TAYLEUR, BAKER, BLAND, GROVE, W. BENNETT, PERKINS, &c

Mesdames: NOEL, CARR, GROVE, WEIPPERT,
TAYLEUR, BODEN, BRYAN, &c. &c. &c.

THE MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS of the Theatre will be UNDER THE SUPERINTENDANCE OF

Mr. HAWES.

An alteration has been made, by which

The ORCHESTRA is considerably enlarged.

THE BAND will consist of about Forty Performers of Eminence, and will be led by Mr. WAGSTAFF.

Boxes 5s. Second Price 3s. Pit 2s. Second Price 1s. 6d. Lower Gal. 2s. Second Price 1s. Upper Gal. 1s. Second Price 6d.
Boxes, Places, Private and Family Boxes, to be taken of Mr. STEVENSON, at the Box Office, Strand Entrance, from 10 till 5.
Doors open at half-past five, begin at seven. No Money returned. VIVAT REG. (Lawrence, Foster, May, & Co., Great Lane)

For, though the young playgoer of to-day can, perhaps, hardly realise it, Mrs. Keeley was for many years one of the leading favourites on the London boards—as great a favourite, say, as the Nellie Farren of this generation; a greater, indeed, for she excelled alike in humour and in pathos, and was equally admired in each. Did not a newspaper of 1835 declare that, if she went on playing both comic and pathetic rôles so strikingly, there would be a sad struggle for her between the tragic and the comic muses?

Mrs. Keeley—Miss Goward, as she then was—had had some little experience of the provinces before she came to London. Spending a portion of her youth at Yarmouth, she came in contact there with all the local players, and by them, apparently, was persuaded to join their ranks. It was there certainly that she made her professional début as Lucy Bertram in “Guy Mannering.” “I shall never forget,” she has said, “that first appearance. I fancied that I looked such a guy, and I remember”—for Mrs. Keeley has always been an expert with her pencil and brush—“I made a sketch of myself at the time.” Thence she went to Dublin, figuring as Polly in “The Beggar’s Opera,” and thence to a number of towns in the English provinces. At length came the opportunity to appear in the Metropolis. She was engaged for the English Opera House (Lyceum), being described in the announcements (*vide* our illustration) as “from the Theatre Royal, Norwich.” She made her first bow on the evening of Saturday, July 2, 1825, as Rosina in the popular operetta, and as Little Pickle in “The Spoiled Child.” That she achieved an instant triumph is shown by the managerial note on the play-bill for the following Monday, which we reproduce: “The whole of the Performances of Saturday Evening, in which Mr. Thorne and Miss Goward experienced the most unequivocal and decided success, having been received with acclamations of applause, will be repeated This Evening.” The débutante, nevertheless, had been exceedingly nervous. “I was so dreadfully frightened,” says Mrs. Keeley, “when I got on to the stage, that I turned round, and was going to bolt back to the wings; but Broadhurst (the tenor in ‘Rosina’) caught hold of me, and, I think, swore!”

The rôles chosen for the young artist’s London début illustrate the versatility which she was destined to display so conspicuously. In the following year she was singing (Planché says) the mermaid’s song in “Oberon,” at Covent Garden, and she herself has reminded us that at

the same theatre she played Agnes in “Der Freischütz.” In one and the same year, at the Adelphi, 1834, she undertook a comic part in Buckstone’s “Agnes de Vere,” and Nydia, the blind girl, in “The Last Days of Pompeii.” The latter, albeit a pathetic character, was one of her most decisive hits. A year or two later she and her husband—she had by this time married Robert Keeley—went to America, where, though received coolly at first, they became exceedingly popular. It was on their return to the Adelphi in 1838 that Mrs. Keeley secured the first overwhelming triumph of her career—namely, when she appeared as Smike in the dramatised “Nicholas Nickleby.” “As Smike,” she says, “I was made up a most sad and destitute-looking object, and I shall never forget an ordeal I had to undergo on the first night. The curtain went up and discovered me sitting alone before a wretched fire. I had to rise from where I was, and crawl my way down to the footlights without speaking. As I came stealthily forward, they did not quite understand the situation. My costume was certainly very odd, and, as I had recently been playing in many comic parts, I suppose they expected something funny from me. There were roars of laughter. I stood it out, but it was the most difficult task I ever had. I spoke a few words, and the laughter ceased. There was a dead silence, and, as it were, a stifled sob, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.”

The sensation thus made was repeated, with variations, in the following year, when, for the first time, Mrs. Keeley played Jack Sheppard in the adaptation by Buckstone. Jack, she has said, was a very exhausting part for her; and when Webster made her play both Jack and Topsy (in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”) on one and the same night, she thought she would have died. In 1842, she was seen as Nerissa and as Pall Mall in “The Prisoner of War.” Audrey followed. Then, during her own reign at the Lyceum, came Morgiana in “The Forty Thieves,” Mrs. Peerybingle in “The Cricket on the Hearth,” and Clemency in “The Battle of Life.” In 1844 or ’45, when manageress of the Lyceum, she played a part in which she was followed, at an interval of some fifty years, by Miss Ellaline Terriss at the same house, that of Cinderella. In this burlesque that most admirable actor Alfred Wigan played Rodolph the Prince of Gerolstein, Mr. Keeley played his valet, and Miss Fairbrother (afterwards Mrs. FitzGeorge) played Rondeletia, a sister of Cinderella, “with no poetry about her except the poetry of motion.” In 1846, at the same house, Mrs. Keeley played Phoebe Briggs, a servant, in the “Marble Maiden.” To 1847 belongs her Fool in

Theatre Royal, English Opera House, Strand.

MISS STEPHENS’ SECOND NIGHT.

This Evening, MONDAY, July 4th, 1825.

A NEW, and CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED ORCHESTRA

HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED, IN WHICH

A SELECT AND POWERFUL BAND, of unprecedented extent, will be led by Mr. WAGSTAFF.

And the Performances will commence with

MOZART’S celebrated OVERTURE to FIGARO.

(From the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh—His second appearance)

BEGGAR’S OPERA!

Proscium, Mr. BARTLEY, Lookit, Mr. TAYLEUR,
Captain Macbeath, Mr. THORNE,
(From the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh—His second appearance)
Pit, Mr. W. CHAPMAN, Mat of the Mint, Mr. J. BLAND,
Polly, Miss STEPHENS,
Lucy Lookit, Miss KELLY,
(Bring her second performance in London this Year.)
Mrs. Peachum, Mrs. TAYLEUR

IN ACT II. A HORNSPIPE IN FETTERS.

To which will be added, the Pastoral Opera of

ROSINA.

With CHERUBINI’S OVERTURE to ANACREON.

Mr. Belville, (with an additional Song) Mr. THORNE,
Captain Belville, Mr. J. BLAND, Rustic, Mr. TAYLEUR,
William, Mr. BROADHURST,
First Irishman, Mr. W. BENNETT, Second Irishman, Mr. MINTON

Rosina, Miss GOWARD,
(From the Theatre Royal, Norwich and York, her second appearance in London.)
Phoebe, Miss KELLY,
Exotes, Mrs. GROVE.

To conclude with (in Our Act) the Pastoral Entertainment of The

SPOIL’D CHILD!

Little Pickle, (with a Hornpipe) Miss GOWARD,
Old Pickle, Mr. W. BENNETT, John, Mr. SALTER, Thomas, Mr. LODGE,
Tag, Mr. TAYLEUR,
Miss Pickle, Mrs. GROVE, Maria, Miss SOUTHWELL,
Margery, Mrs. JERROLD, Susan, Mrs. BRYAN.

Stage Manager, Mr. BARTLEY.

Boxes 5s. Second Price 3s. Pit 2s. Second Price 1s. 6d. Lower Gal. 2s. Second Price 1s. Upper Gal. 1s. Second Price 6d.
Boxes, Places, Private and Family Boxes, to be taken of Mr. STEVENSON, at the Box Office, Strand Entrance, from 10 till 5.
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Let the whole of the Performances of Saturday Evening, in which Mr. THORNE and Miss GOWARD experienced the most unequivocal and decided success, having been received with acclamations of applause, will be repeated This Evening.

To-morrow, will be produced an entirely new Ballet Opera, to be called

BROKEN PROMISES;

Or, The COLONEL, CAPTAIN, and CORPORAL!

The OVERTURE by WEBER.

The VOCAL MUSIC selected from the Scotch and Irish Melodias, Waver, Mager, Choral, Berlin, Anser, Richard, Himmel, Regener, and the whole arranged by Mr. HAWES

The Characters by: Mr. BARTLEY, Mr. WRENCH, Mr. THORNE,
Mr. BROADHURST, Mr. POWER, Mr. W. BENNETT,
Miss STEPHENS, Miss NOEL, Miss KELLY, A YOUNG LADY, (Pupil of Miss Kelly)
Mrs. GROVE, Mrs. WEIPPERT.

Mr. BRAHAM is engaged, and will shortly appear in a New Grand Opera. Mr. MATHEWS, for whom novel scenic Pieces are in preparation, will again resume his dramatic situation. Miss PATON will also appear at the conclusion of her engagement at Covent Garden.

“Lear,” to 1848 the demure maid in “The Wife’s Secret,” to 1850 Maria in “Twelfth Night” and Betsy Baker, to 1855 Betty Martin, to 1859 Hector in “The Siege of Troy.” And these only a few out of many. Delightful gifts, exhilarating popularity! Now, at ninety, the admirable artist is as buoyant and sunny as ever, exhibiting in private life the charm which made her idolised when on the boards.

A CHAT WITH A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

It was a very fine day, and everybody seemed to be enjoying the sunshine, as I came past St. Martin's Church from the Strand (writes a *Sketch* representative). Just across the way, three weedy young specimens of the genus Cockney were in earnest conversation with a couple of soldiers. I stopped to see the result of the discussion.

"A fine morning, sir," said a voice at my side.

I looked up, and saw the weather-beaten countenance of Colour-Sergeant Thompson, the oldest recruiting officer in the service.

"The morning's all right, and you look like the morning," I replied.

"Well, I mustn't complain," he rejoined; "I'm pretty fair, considering my seventy-five years. But tell me, sir, would you like to join the Army?"

"No," I said; "but I'd like you to tell me all about recruiting." We

parts, and they are from every trade. When business is bad, or they can't get a living, or they haven't any money, they join."

"How does the Army agree with them?" I said.

"Why, sir," replied Sergeant Thompson, "you wouldn't know them after six weeks. They come to us thin, hungry, wretched, and dull; they get into barracks, with three meals a-day regularly, a good bed, clean clothes, and the rest of it. Why, their own families wouldn't know them!"

"I suppose they can join the Militia or the Regulars?" I said.

"Every man," replied the Sergeant, "can join what he likes, or he needn't join at all. If a man comes to me and says he wants to join a particular regiment, I take him down; and if there's no vacancy and the Colonel can't find room for him, he can go about his business. Seven weeks in the Militia will fit a man for the Regulars; but he can stop with the Militia if he likes, and serve six weeks in the year for six



Mr. O. Smith as Newman Noggs.

Mrs. Keeley as Smiko.

Mr. J. Webster as Nicholas Nickleby.

MRS. KEELEY IN "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

adjourned to a spot where we were unlikely to be disturbed. "How long have you been in the Service and how long at this work?"

"I joined in '39," replied Sergeant Thompson, "and I've been here collecting soldiers for the last twenty-six years without a break. I served in the Punjab, and that's where I got my medals."

"Have you always been in this part of London?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "Charing Cross is the headquarters of English recruiting. We take them here for every regiment in the Army, and very often get fifty in a day. Monday and Tuesday are the busiest days in the week. They come along in crowds at times, although, of course, there are days when we get very few."

"What's the routine?" was my next question.

"Well," said the veteran, "when they say they wish to join, we take them down to the recruiting-room, carefully examine them, and ask all sorts of questions. If they answer satisfactorily, we send them to the surgeon, and he makes an examination, and gives a final decision."

"What are the ages, and where do the recruits come from?"

"They must be over seventeen to join the militia, and over eighteen to join the regulars," replied the sergeant. "You ask where they come from," he continued, waxing enthusiastic; "well, they come from all

years. Ordinary Army service is seven years with the Regulars and five in the Reserve."

"Do recruits usually prefer infantry or cavalry regiments?"

"Funnily enough, they are always wanting to join the cavalry. They like the idea of riding, but forget that they must look after their horse, and that grooming-work takes such a time. An infantryman has a very easy existence, and can get plenty of liberty."

"Who appoints recruiting sergeants, and where are they to be found?"

"The commanding officer of the regiment sends them," replied the Sergeant; "and he chooses men who can talk and persuade a bit. Now, I get into conversation with a man. I say 'Good morning,' and then 'Would you like to join the Army?'; and then I talk sensibly and persuasively, and that's how it's done. I have got as many as eight in a day. There are recruiting sergeants in Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all the other big towns, about five or six in each. Of course, we have more than that here, because London supplies most recruits, even the country-born ones. D'you see that young chap comin' along? I think he means business, so I must look after him. Good-day to you. Fine morning, my lad. Are you thinking of joining the Army?"



MDLLE. ARMAND 'ARY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

MDLLE. ARMAND 'ARY.

SOME FACTS AND AN IMPRESSION.

The star of Armand 'Ary, the daring, graceful, *chic* singer of Paris, holds a unique position in the firmament of the concert-hall singers, and shines with no reflected light. Mdlle. 'Ary is, or was, a pupil of Paulus, and her unique style combines the restraint of Yvette Guilbert with the friskiness of the most reckless favourite of a careless nation. Her elaborate costumes are worn as only a Parisienne can wear such things; her frequent outbursts of what it is safest to call unconventionality are accompanied by such a mildness of manner that it is impossible to believe that she is saying what would better be left unsaid. In short, Mdlle. Armand 'Ary is a perfect type of the artist whose business it is to cater inoffensively for tastes which have something of an inclination towards what is calculated to give offence.

It is, however, a common error to imagine that impudence can take the place of talent. A Continental audience is much more severe in these matters than an English one, and the licence of foreign concert-halls makes mere vulgarity of little or no effect. There is plenty of room for good taste in doing things which would *prima facie* infer no taste at all on the part of the performer; and those who listen carefully to certain songs in the repertoire of the French songstress will be convinced of the fact.

The first record I can find of Mdlle. 'Ary's appearance in public is contained in the programme of the Folies Bordelaises, at Bordeaux, where her name appears in the programme spelt "Armandary." Then, in the



MDLLE. ARMAND 'ARY.

Riviera season of 1890 and 1891, I find her at Nice, in the company of M. Paulus, her master. In August 1891, her name appears in the programme of the Alcazar at Brussels, and shortly afterwards she went as a "star" to Marseilles. Switzerland and Germany followed, and then came London, whither performers come to receive the final seal of public approval. Of course, she had been singing regularly in Paris, at the Folies Bergère, Ambassadeurs, Scala, Eldorado, and other houses; but it is not necessary to dwell on her Parisian success, attested as it is by the verdict of other countries.

Audiences at the Palace Theatre gave Mdlle. 'Ary her first English welcome. I went to the theatre about the third night of her appearance, when she faced an innocent British audience with her song about *la gentille cocotte*, and hundreds of good people applauded who, had the song been in English rather than French, would have stewed in their own blushes and died writing indignant protests to the papers. But, though the song was risky, Mdlle. 'Ary looked as though butter would not melt in her mouth. For those who liked it, there was the piquant sauce of Continental naughtiness; for those who could not understand, it was enough that the lady sang pretty music with a well-trained voice, and looked delightful. In the autumn of the same year Mdlle. 'Ary returned to London and appeared at the Empire during the run of the

exquisite ballet "Katrina." However opinion might be divided about her songs, there was no room for two opinions as to the way she sang them. She avoided anything approaching undue emphasis, and never descended to the horseplay so fatal to the enduring success of an artist. She helped to inaugurate the era of restraint in the English music-hall,



and people began to recognise that blatant vulgarity and humour were not inseparable. An American visit followed the London engagement, and was equally successful. Thus within six years Mdlle. 'Ary had conquered Europe and America, with just a few songs, of which the best-known are, perhaps, "La Marche des Cocottes," with which so many French singers have achieved a success, and "The Little Coquette," written for her by Mr. George Capel, and sung in English. Of course, her powers of mimicry are very useful to her, and enable her to render justice to one or two pieces that only a mimic could reasonably undertake. And although Mdlle. Armand 'Ary has always been practical to her finger-tips, she has expressed a decided preference for the

old style of French song, in which there was little that could offend.

I once asked Mademoiselle how she came to the stage, and learned that her father was a well-known baritone singer, and that she could sing almost before she could walk. Her first appearance in public was while she was yet in her teens, and in those days she sang principally in private houses. This class of work made her give up dancing, which could not be practised with propriety in drawing-rooms, and nowadays there is but one solitary high kick left whereby to remember the bygone times. Since her last visit to England, Italy and Austria have been visited, and yielded a success that has become almost monotonous. Now, with the waning of the year, Mdlle. Armand 'Ary is back again, bearing the light burden of nearly thirty years of life with a grace and vivacity that were never the product of a land of fogs. The Empire Directorate has again secured her services, and, passing through the half-lit house on a recent Monday afternoon, I heard the sound of a familiar tune, and saw the gifted little lady come forward to face an audience of directors. M. Duplessy, her husband, was by her side, looking very pleased, probably in anticipation of his wife's reception. I paused for a few moments to listen to the old familiar songs, and to note that the freshness and vigour of her method, the charm and elegance of her style, were with Mdlle. Armand 'Ary as in the days gone by. S. L. B.



MISS ST. CYR.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

A NEW PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

It is now some years since we have seen a *première* who was not trained in the schools of Milan, and, were it on this account alone, Mdle. Nelidova would be welcome to the English stage. The modern masters

of Italian dancing have decided mannerisms, and these have come at last to be regarded as orthodox movements by the public. Perhaps for this reason, the initial appearance of the Russian *danseuse* excited considerable comment, and many were at first inclined to disapprove of her technique. There is little or no justice in judgment formed on the first performance of a foreign dancer in a part that is invested with the traditions of its predecessor, and I confess that my own appreciation of her efforts was more pronounced when I had seen her twice. Her movements are very light and graceful, and she uses her arms more freely than the Italian-trained dancers do.



MDLLE. NELIDOVA.

"I have done all my work in Russia," said Mdle. Nelidova to me, in the course of a brief chat; "and, until I came to London, I had never appeared in public out of Moscow, where I danced at the Imperial Theatre. It was the favourite theatre of the late Czar, and was closed on account of his death during last winter. Next May there will be great fêtes to celebrate the coronation, so that there will be another suspension of performances.

"I began to dance," she continued, "when I was quite a girl, and was trained for the ballet by Hautz, of St. Petersburg. M. Petitepas was the *maitre de ballet* in St. Petersburg after Hautz, and he arranged ballets for the theatre in Moscow. In addition to the Russian ones, I have danced in some of the classic ballets, such as 'Esmeralda'; but I do not dance in opera, for Russia has distinct sets of dancers, one for ordinary, and the other for operatic ballet. I left Moscow on a three months' holiday, and that is how I happen to be dancing in 'Faust.'"

Mdle. Nelidova takes a deep and intelligent interest in her work, and is known in Russia as the devoted exponent of a style that seeks to cast off the over-elaboration of the Italian school. She considers that there is too much affectation in certain movements, and has written against them in Russian papers with much vigour. This seems strange in England, where the work of the *première* is not held to be of very much importance, but abroad the efforts of a new dancer create as much contention as the merits of a new singer would in this country. Altogether, it may be said that the visit of Mdle. Nelidova, brief though it must necessarily be—is a very interesting one, and her devotion to the labours of *première* deserve to be acknowledged with appreciation by all who hold ballet in high esteem.



MDLLE. NELIDOVA.

FRANKIE. I don't like Miss Tender, our new school-teacher.
PARENT. Why not?
FRANKIE. 'Cuz she talks to us 'stid of lickin' us.

"PHIL MAY'S ANNUAL."

Phil May's illustrated Winter Annual is an excellent issue. Mr. May is at his best, and Mr. Grant Richards has brought together for him a good selection of literary material, himself supplying a curious extravaganza about a mislaid child. Mr. John Davidson opens the number with the ballad of an artist's wife, in which he works out an issue really raised in the ballad of heaven. Mr. Grant Allen deals with gods he has known, and Miss Violet Hunt, Mr. Walter Raymond, Mr. Richard Pryce, and Mr. H. G. Wells contribute stories. Mr. Walkley answers the question "Has the English Drama Renasced?" with a decided negative. He takes "the three 'only generals' of our dramatic army," and decides that none of them is an "ideologue." "Where are the galleons of Spain?" They may be at the bottom of the deep blue sea, but their spirit is marching along in our three only generals. It was but last month that the *Quarterly Review* declared that "there is a faint echo of Cervantes, something Old Spanish, about Mr. Pinero."



GHETTO WAYS.

Mr. Walkley now comes forward to complete the simile by his suggestion that Mr. Grundy is "a Sancho Panza with better brains," and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones "a Don Quixote with less absurd hallucinations."

The Poet asks us, "Where are Spain's
Predominating galleons?"
The Prose answers, "In the brains
Of Britain's best battalions."
Our playwrights (numbering three—the few,
Who pose as rivals, vanish),
If British born, in point of view
Are most distinctly Spanish.
The knowing critic seems to see
In Mr. Sydney Grundy
The allegoric Mrs. G.
(Who's just a walking Sunday).
For him the world is what it seems—
He hates extravaganza;
But never does he deal in dreams,
This British Sancho Panza.

And then there's Henry Arthur Jones,
Whose drama seems pedantic,
Because he wishes rags and bones
To really look romantic;
He strikes you as a pedagogue
Who fain would be despotic,
And yet he's not ideologue—
He only is Quixotic.

Who leads the great triumvirate
But Arthur Wing Pinero?
He roused the drama from a state
Approaching almost zero;
And gallantly he gets astride
Our social Rozinantes,
And this is why Reviews decide
To call him our Cervantes.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S NEW VENTURE.

Of making many books there is no end; but much study, or at least, much reading, does not seem to be that weariness to the flesh that it was in the days of him who first pointed out that there is nothing new under the sun. It would seem that some such view as this has found favour in the eyes of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the enterprising founder of *Pearson's Weekly*, for he is just about to add another to his many literary ventures. A rumour of the forthcoming beauty and excellence of *Pearson's Magazine* led a *Sketch* representative, the other day, to call on Mr. Pearson in his delightful sanctum in Henrietta Street. Editors are proverbially ultra-busy men, and Mr. Pearson is no exception to the rule; but, notwithstanding, he found time to give the interviewer an exhaustive account of the scheme of his new publication.

"I am determined," began Mr. Pearson decisively, "that my magazine is to be either a hit or a miss. It's to be a circulation of 200,000 per month or nothing."

"That's a pretty large order, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I'm convinced there's room for it. Such wide circulations as I aim at are not unprecedented. In America there are six high-class magazines doing their quarter of a million or more per month. Don't judge by the total American population, however. Think of the vast numbers of negroes and others you must discount before you get the better class of the transatlantic reading public, and you'll see my contention."

"Then I infer that you are aiming high in two senses, Mr. Pearson?"

"In every sense. The magazine is to be the very best that money can procure. Here is an outline of the contents of No. 1." As he spoke, Mr. Pearson laid before me a "dummy" copy of the magazine. "You see," he continued, "we are to have a new story by Anthony Hope, one by Robert Barr, and another by Bret Harte; also—perhaps the most novel and interesting feature—the first of a series entitled 'Secrets of the Courts of Europe: the Confidences of an ex-Ambassador, elicited by Allen Upward.'"

"Then, what about the general article?"

"That will also have its place. Indeed, fiction, the article of general interest, and the light, humorous article, will be about equally balanced. Of the second, I may mention a stirring series of personal reminiscences, entitled 'The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw,' contributed by such men as Archibald Forbes, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Charles Williams. Our first number will also contain a historical sketch, 'The Unhappy Hapsburgs,' dealing with the tragedy of the Austrian royal family. The reader who likes statistics put in an entertaining way will be looked after in a popular series, which will be called 'What it Costs.' The first of these will deal with the working expenses of the London and North-Western Railway."

"You mentioned humorous contributions, I think, did you not, Mr. Pearson?"

"Here you have them—literary and pictorial. 'Some Nonsense Verse,' by Barry Pain; 'The Great Water Joke,' verses and illustrations by J. F. Sullivan (with an opportune reference to recent complications); and 'Wisdom Let Loose,' by W. L. Alden. Then we have 'First Attempts at Photography'—a series of humorous photos, showing how not to do it! These will gain in interest and variety as time goes on, for we mean to invite contributions from our readers."

"They will gain in comicality also, one would imagine. But, to pass to the seriously artistic, may I ask for some account of your pictorial contributions?"

"Our very first article has to do with art. It is called 'Artists and their Work,' and will consist of brief notes on prominent painters, with portraits of some, and representative examples of their work. In the opening number, as you see, we take up Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. Orchardson, and Mr. R. Caton Woodville." Mr. Pearson indicated some beautiful specimen-pages that will accompany the letterpress of the new magazine.

"Our artistic contributors include such well-known names as Caton Woodville, Cecil Aldin, Phil May, Dudley Hardy, A. Forrestier, G. G. Manton, and many others. A special feature of our first issue is, 'How the Year Dies,' a collection of pictures of all periods, giving the ideas of prominent artists as to how the Old Year goes out and the New Year comes in. Then we have some ideal illustrations, 'Glimpses of Paradise,' and we also have a series of portraits of notabilities (with personal paragraphs), called 'In the Public Eye.'"

"You have not overlooked the claims of dialogue, I see?" was my next remark.

"You refer to our series of drawing-room comedies. They are peculiarly interesting. The six plays were, in fact, written many years ago, for private performance, by Sir Walter Besant and Mr. W. Herries Pollock, who have contributed an introduction to the work as it now appears."

"I notice, Mr. Pearson, in looking down your table of contents, that you print the name of the article in bigger type than the author's name?"

"Precisely," the editor answered warmly. "We are not going on the system of publishing the best writers' work for the sake of a great name, as so many do. Nothing will be printed in *Pearson's Magazine* simply because it is written by a man with a big reputation. Of course, we'll invite writers and artists of great repute to contribute, but they'll be subject to the same criticism as the struggling outsider—whose work, by the way, will be as readily entertained, if it comes up to the mark. Talking of eminent writers, I may tell you that I've been lucky enough to secure stories by Marie Corelli, Stanley Weyman, and Rudyard Kipling, which will appear in due course."

"What are your views on the serial story?"

"The serial has its place, and will get it later on in *Pearson's Magazine*; but I hold that it should never run to any great length. In conclusion, my policy, in a nutshell, is this: We want the best work of the best authors and artists, and we shall pay the best prices for it. By this we hope to achieve success. We don't want to cut out anybody; indeed, a new magazine often does good—it makes the others sit up, and old and new keep, find, and extend their circle of readers."

Then another caller was announced, and, with best wishes for the success of *Pearson's Magazine*, which is due on Dec. 12, the *Sketch* representative bade the founder and editor of the new venture "Good afternoon."

"LATE, LATE, SO LATE!"

It is a condition of our modern impatience of preamble and dilatoriness of every kind that the modern playwright should feel obliged to unmask

all his batteries at the outset, to leap into the situation at once, so to speak. Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero carry out this principle in the most rigorous manner. In "Mrs. Tanqueray" we are no sooner introduced to Aubrey Tanqueray than he drops the bomb of his approaching marriage among his friends. Rebellious Susan is actually preparing to leave her husband when the curtain goes up; and the first thing we see on entering the Comedy Theatre is the breathless family of Theophila Fraser awaiting her return from the Divorce Court. We are, of course, heartily glad to be spared the gossip of the alehouse, the dialogue between the family lawyer and the family doctor that explained the situation, the duet between the loquacious housemaid and the "Boots," which used to break the ice, and lead us gently on into the heart of the interest of the play. But—and here is the inconvenience of the system—who can preserve the analytical faculties so sternly demanded by the problem-play, when the half of every remark from the stage is drowned in the rustle of garments, and one's sight of the principal characters obscured by stalwart black-coated forms slinking into their stalls, and ladies "with three bodices," as the present fashion of balloon-sleeves has caused them to be called, plumping breathlessly into their places? The result is that not one probably in a hundred of Mr. Pinero's audience knows the grounds, so wittily set forth, on which Fraser of Lochreen might have divorced his wife, or what her sentiments on the matter were. The actual horizon is not cleared until the end of the first act, when these unquiet bodies are laid and attentive.



MR. C. A. PEARSON.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE WONDERS OF A FINGER-PRINT.*

It is a "far cry" from the Gipsies to Mr. Francis Galton, but there is something in common between them. As out of astrology was born astronomy, and as chemistry is the offspring of alchemy, so is the science of finger-prints the descendant of palmistry. In the lines of the hand the soothsayers of Chaldaea read the fate, fortunes, and character of men. The Greeks practised the art, even Aristotle giving it his sanction in the remark that the length of the lines indicates the length of the individual's life. Of mediæval literature there was plenty enough, books not only on chiromancy, which interpreted the palm-markings, but on chirognomy, which saw the key to character and destiny in the general shape of the hand and the lines and joints of the fingers. Of course these fell into the usual grouping of everything under the sacred number seven. When Galileo reported his discovery of the satellites of Jupiter, the Jesuit Sizzi told him that he must be wrong, because otherwise the division of the week into seven days would have to be given up! And so it was throughout. Ingenuity saw in the bosses at the base of the thumb and fingers and near the wrist the further proof of seven planets, and no more. The "mount" at the base of the forefinger was named after Jupiter, and denoted pride; that near the wrist was called the "mount of the moon," and indicated folly. And so on, till we meet the survivals of the old palmists in the fortune-telling Romany leading captive silly servant-girls unawares to this day.

Following on his long and valuable studies in heredity, Mr. Galton published a book on "Finger-Prints" three years ago. In this he did not deal with the well-marked creases and folds which chiromancy interprets and which have no significance. For these show the lines of flexure or bending, nothing more. But he dealt with the so-called "papillary ridges," which fill the spaces within these, and which are especially noticeable in the bulb of each finger, "variously curved or whorled, having a fictitious resemblance to an eddy between two currents." An imprint is obtained by inking the finger-tips and pressing them on paper; and as the ridges retain their pattern unchanged through life, Mr. Galton, following-up a method used by Sir William Herschel in Bengal forty years ago, saw in these finger-prints a surer record of identity than bodily features furnish. Sir William adopted it as a check against personation; and in a country where few could write their names, and where their features are not easily distinguished by Europeans, the taking of finger-marks as sign-manuals made repudiation hopeless. The practice was extended to the jails, where the imprint of the prisoners' fingers was taken; and the thorough way in which Mr. Galton has worked out the application of the method to the habitual criminal classes led the Committee appointed by Mr. Asquith to approve it in their report on the registering and identifying of offenders. M. Bertillon's system, which takes measurements of various parts of the body, is, in Mr. Galton's judgment, less trustworthy, because the patterns and ridges of the finger-prints are proved to persist through life. "In all the cases examined, there was only one instance in which a minute detail was found to vary—a case where a ridge, which bifurcated in an impression taken at the age of two and a half, was found to have united at the age of fifteen." More striking even than this are the evidences of variation in the patterns on fingers. Suffice it that Mr. Galton's conclusion is that, if the number of the human race is reckoned at 1,600,000,000, there is a smaller chance than one to four that the print of one finger of any person should be exactly like that of any finger of any other person. The prints of one finger, if clearly taken, are therefore enough to decide the question of identity or

non-identity, and if the prints of three or more fingers be taken and compared, all possibility of error is absolutely eliminated.

"Finger-Prints" was followed by a supplemental volume on the "Decipherment of Blurred Finger-Prints," and now Mr. Galton, who is nothing if not thorough, proposes in the present volume to establish a Finger-Print Directory! Just as the names of thousands of householders in London can be learned by looking at their addresses in the "Post Office Directory," so Mr. Galton suggests that the names of persons should be found out through their finger-prints! Not upon single impressions, although, as shown above, no two finger-prints in the whole world are so alike that an expert would fail to distinguish between them, but upon classification according to "three or four well-marked appearances, which variously occur in the several fingers." The details of this classification cannot be given here, and, moreover, they need the aid of the illustrations which Mr. Galton has added. Referring our readers to these, it must here suffice to say that the classification is based on three types, arches, loops, and whorls, to one or other of which every finger-print may be assigned.

But there is nothing new under the sun. Prehistoric man had it all, as we may say, at his "fingers' ends." There has been found in Brittany a tumulus, in the chamber of which are large stones, ornamented with a series of ridges which resemble those on the finger-tips. The inference from these is that man imitated the patterns on his fingers for artistic purposes, as his somewhat more remote ancestors scratched rude pictures of mammoth and reindeer on fragments of bone or slate. Thus, through history, man has given his "hand" as his "seal," the surest and most unchanging of all forms of signature. "So," as Mr. Galton remarks, "when a chief presses his hand, smeared with blood or grime, upon a clean surface, a mark is left in some degree characteristic of him. It may be that of a broad, stumpy hand, or of a long, thin one; it may be large or small; it may even show lines corresponding to the principal creases of the palm. Such hand-prints have been made and repeated in many civilised nations, and have even been impressed in vermilion on their State documents, as formerly by the Sovereign of Japan. Though mere smudges, they seem, in a slight degree, to individualise the signer; while they are, more or less, clothed with the superstitious attributes of personal contact."

In this notice less space has been given to Mr. Galton's latest

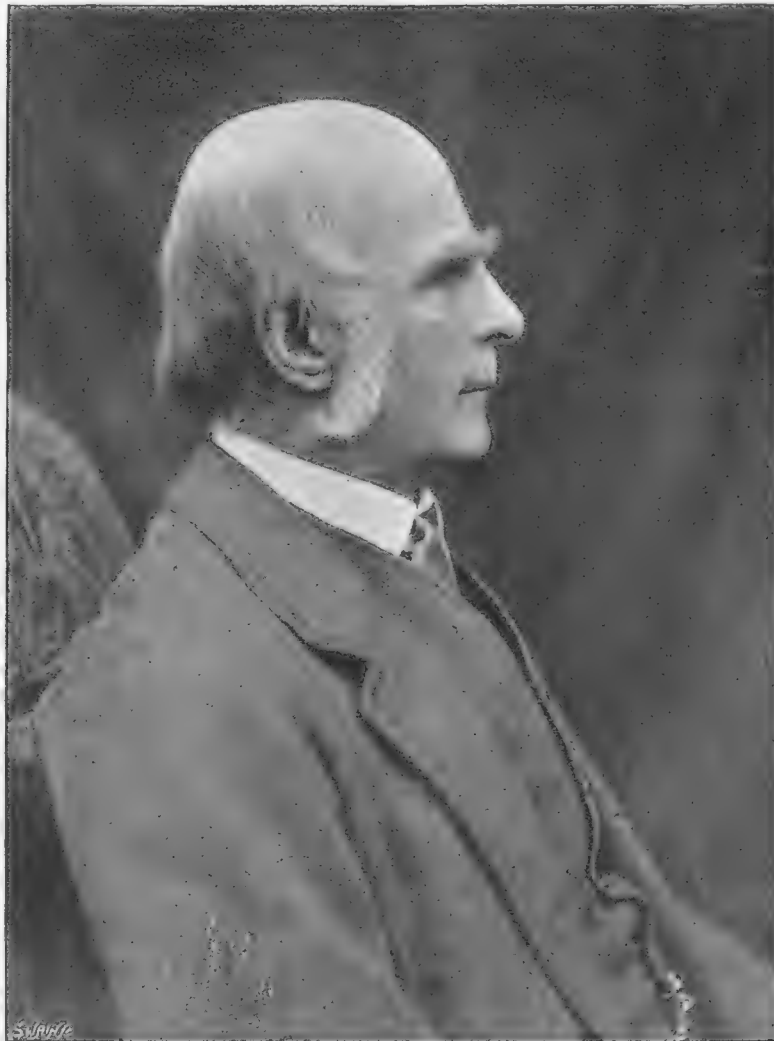
volume than to his earlier, because this has all the interest which belongs to a historical treatment of the subject. Looking over the arid details and specimen columns of his proposed Digital Directory, we measure a long time before Messrs. Kelly need tremble for the threatened competition. But the utility of the finger-print method in the registration of criminals is clear, and with such success the learned and painstaking author may well rest content.

E. C.

AT THE GERMAN REEDS'.

The *personnel* of the German Reed company has been altered considerably since the time-honoured Entertainment was re-started in the summer by Mr. Henry D. Reed. The names of Miss Elsie Cross and Miss Marie Garcia are now absent from the bill, and Mr. Rutland Barrington has returned to his old love, the Savoy. The company, as now constituted, includes Miss Kate Tully, who comes back to familiar boards now that the West-End run of "The Passport" is over. Another interesting point relates to the number of operatic performers at present engaged at the German Reeds'. Besides Mr. Hilton St. Just and Mr. Charles Wibrow, there are Miss Ethel McAlpine, once well known in the D'Oyly Carte companies; Miss Chrystal Duncan, who used to be one of Mr. J. W. Turner's chief sopranos; Mr. Roland Carse, an actor-vocalist of much experience in Gilbertian opera; and Mr. Furneaux Cook.

*"Finger-Print Directories." By Francis Galton, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. London: Macmillan and Co.



MR. FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AT A KAVA-DRINKING.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

The first cool breaths of the land-breeze, chilled by its passage through the dew-laden forest, touched our cheeks softly that night as we sat on the trader's verandah, facing the white, shimmering beach, smoking and watching the native children at play, and listening for the first deep boom of the wooden *logo*, or bell, that would send them racing homewards to their parents and evening prayer.

"There it is," said our host, who sat in the farthest corner, with his long legs resting by the heels on the white railing; "and now you'll see them scatter."

The loud cries and shrill laughter came to a sudden stop as the boom of the *logo* reached the players, and then a clear boyish voice reached us—"Ua ta le logo" ("The bell has sounded"). Like smoke before the gale, the lithe, half-naked figures fled silently in twos and threes between the cocoanuts, and the beach lay deserted.

One by one the lights gleamed brightly through the trees as the women piled the fires in each house with broken cocoanut-shells. There was but the faintest breath of wind, and through the open sides of most of the houses not enough to flicker the steady light, as the head of the family seated himself (or herself) close to the fire, and, hymn-book in hand, led off the singing. Quite near us was a more pretentious-looking structure than the others, and, looking down upon it, we saw that the gravelled floor was covered with fine, clean mats, and arranged all round the sides of the house were a number of camphor-wood boxes, always—in a Samoan house—the outward and visible sign of a well-to-do man. There was no fire lighted here; placed in the centre of the one room there stood a lamp with a gorgeous-looking shade of many colours. This was the chief's house, and the chief of Aleipata was one of the strong men of Samoa, both politically and physically. Two of our party on the verandah were strangers to Samoa, and they drew their chairs nearer, and gazed with interest at the chief and his immediate following as they proceeded with their simple service. There was quite a number of the *ava-luma* (unmarried women) of the village present in the chief's house that evening, and as their tuneful voices blended in an evening hymn—"Matou te nau e faafetai"—we wished that instead of four verses there had been ten.

"Can you tell us, Lester," said one of the strangers to our host, "the meaning of the last words?—they came out so clearly that I believe I've caught them," and, to our surprise, he sang the last line—

Ia matou moe tau ia te oe.

"Well, now, I don't know if I can. Samoan hymns puzzle me; you see the language used in addressing the Deity is vastly different to that used ordinarily, but I take it that the words you so correctly repeated mean, 'Let us sleep in peace with Thee.' Curious people, these Samoans," he muttered, more to himself than for us: "soon be as hypocritical as the average white man. 'Let us sleep in peace with Thee,' and that fellow (the chief), his two brothers, and about a paddockful of young Samoan bucks haven't slept at all for this two weeks. All the night is spent in counting cartridges, melting lead for bullets, and cleaning their arms, only knocking off for a drink of kava. Well, I suppose," he continued, turning to us, "they're all itching to fight, and as soon as the U.S.S. *Resacca* leaves Apia they'll commence in earnest, and us poor devils of traders will be left here doing nothing, and cursing this infernal love of fighting, which is inborn with Samoans, and a part of their natural cussedness, which, if the Creator hadn't given it to them, would have put many a dollar into my pocket."

"Father," said a voice that came up to us from the gloom of the young cocoanuts' foliage at the side of the house, "Felipe is here, and wants to know if he may come up and speak to the *alii papalagi* (white gentlemen)."

"Right you are, Felipe, my lad," said the trader, in a more than usual kindly tone; "bring him up, Atalina, and then run away to the chief's and get some of the *ava-luma* to come over with you and make a bowl of kava."

"Now, Doctor L—," Lester continued, addressing himself to one of his guests, the surgeon of an American war-vessel then stationed in Samoa, and a fellow-countryman of his, "I'll show you as fine a specimen of manhood and intelligence as God ever made, although he has got a tanned hide."

The native who ascended the steps and stood before us, with his hat in his hand, respectfully saluting, was, indeed, as Lester called him, "a fine specimen." Clothed only in a blue-and-white *lava lava*, or waist-cloth, his clean-cut limbs, muscular figure, and skin like polished bronze, stood revealed in the full light that now flooded room and verandah from the lamp lit in the sitting-room. The finely plaited Manihiki hat held in his right hand seemed somewhat out of place with the rest of his attire, and was evidently not much worn. Probably Felipe had merely

brought it for the occasion, as a symbol to us of his superior tastes and ideas.

He shook hands with us all round, and then, at Lester's invitation, followed us inside, and sat down cross-legged on the mats and courteously awaited us to talk to him. The American surgeon offered him a cigar, which he politely declined, and produced from the folds of his *lava lava* a bundle of banana-leaf cigarettes, filled with strong tobacco. One of these, at a nod from the trader, he lit, and commenced to smoke.

In a few minutes we heard the crunching of the gravelled path under bare feet, and then some three or four of the *ava-luma*—the kava-chewing girls—ascended the steps and took up their position by the huge wooden kava-bowl. As the girls, under the careful supervision of the trader's wife, prepared the drink, we fell into a general conversation.

"I wonder now," said the doctor to the trader, "that you, Lester, who, by your own showing, are by no means infatuated with the dreamy monotony of island life, can yet stay here, year after year, seeing nothing and hearing nothing of the world that lies outside these lonely islands. Have you no desire at all to go back again into the world?"

A faint movement—the index of some rapidly passing emotion—for a moment disturbed the calm, placid features of Lester, as he answered quietly—

"No, doctor, I don't think it's likely I'll ever see the outside world, as you call it, again. I've had my hopes and ambitions, like everyone else, but they didn't pan out as I expected . . . and then I became Lester the Trader, and as Lester the Trader I'll die, have a whity-brown crowd at my funeral; and, if you came here ten years afterwards, the people couldn't even tell you where I was planted."

The doctor nodded. "Just so. Like all native races, their affections and emotions are deep but transient—no better in that way than the average American nigger."

The kava was finished now, and was handed round to us by the slender, graceful hands of the trader's little daughter. As Felipe, the last to drink, handed back the *ipu* to the girl, his eyes lit up, and he spoke to our host, addressing him, native fashion, by his Christian name, and speaking in his own tongue.

"How is it, Tiaki (Jack), that I hear thee tell these thy friends that we of the brown skins have but shallow hearts and forget quickly? Dost think that, when thy time comes, and thou goest, thy wife and child will not grieve? Hast thou not heard of our white man who, when he died, yet left his name upon our hearts? And yet we were in those days heathens and followers of our own gods."

The trader nodded kindly and turned to us. "Do you want to hear a yarn about one of the old style of white men that used to live like fighting-cocks in Samoa? Felipe here has rounded on me for saying that his countrymen soon forget, and has brought up this wandering *papalagi tafea* (beach-comber) as an instance of how the natives will stick to a man once he proves himself a man."

"It was the tenth year after the Cruel Captain with the three ships had anchored in Apia,* and when we of Aleipata were at war with the people of Fagaloa. In those days we had no white man in this town, and longed greatly to get one. But they were few in Samoa then; one was there at Tiavea, who had fled from a man-of-war of England, one at Saluafata, and perhaps one or two more at Tutuila or Savaii—that was all.

"My father's name was Lauati. He, with his mother, lived on the far side of the village, away from the rest of the houses. There were no others living in the house with them, for my father's mother was very poor, and all day long she laboured—sometimes at making mats, and sometimes at beating out *siapo* (tappa) cloth. As the mats were made, and the tappa was bleached, and figures and patterns drawn upon it, she rolled them up and put them away overhead on the beams of the house, for she was eaten up with poverty, and these mats and tappa cloth was she gathering together so that she might be able to pay for my father's tattooing. And as she worked on the shore, so did my father toil on the sea, for, although he was not yet tattooed, he was skilled more than any other youth in *sisu atu* (bonita-catching). Sometimes the chief, who was a greedy man, would take all his fish and leave him none for himself to take home to his house. Sometimes he would give him one, and then my father would cut off a piece for his mother, and take the rest and sell it for taro and bread-fruit. And all this time he worked, worked with his mother, so that he would have enough to pay for his tattooing, for to reach his age and not be tattooed is thought a disgrace."

"Now in the chief's house was a young girl named Uluvao. She used to meet my father by stealth, for the chief—who was her uncle—designed to give her in marriage to a man of Siumu, who was a little chief, and had asked him for her. So Uluvao, who dreaded her uncle's wrath, would creep out at night from his house, and, going down to the beach, swim along the shore till she came to the lonely place where my father

* Commodore Wilkes, in command of the famous United States Exploring Expedition, 1836-40. He was a noted martinet, and was called *Le alii Saua* (The Cruel Captain).

lived. His mother would await her coming on the beach, and then these three would sit together in the house and talk. If a footstep sounded, then the girl would flee, for she knew her uncle's club would soon bite into my father's brain did he know of these stolen meetings.

"One day it came about that a great *fono* (meeting) was to be held at Falealili, and Tuialo, the chief, and many other chiefs and their *tulafale*, or talking-men, set out to cross the mountains to Falealili. Six days would they be away, and Uluvao and my father rejoiced, for they could now meet and speak openly, for the fear of the chief's face was not before them, and the people of the village knew my father loved the girl, so when they saw them together they only smiled, or else turned their faces another way. That night, in the big council-house, there was a great number of the young men and women gathered together, and they danced and sang, and much kava was drunk. Presently the sister of the chief, who was a woman with a bitter tongue, came to the house, and saw and mocked at my father, and called him a 'naked wretch.' (Thou knowest, Tiaki, if a man be not tattooed we call him naked.)

"Alas!" said my father, "I am poor; oh, lady, how can I help it?"

"The old woman's heart softened. 'Get thee out upon the sea and catch a fat turtle for a gift to my brother, and thou shalt be tattooed when he returns,' she said.

"The people laughed, for they knew that turtle were not to be caught at a silly woman's bidding. But my father rose up and went out into the darkness towards his house. As he walked on the sand his name was called, and Uluvao ran by his side.

"Lauati," she said, "let me come with thee. Let us hasten and get thy canoe, and seek a turtle on Nu'ulua and Nu'utele, for the night is dark, and we may find one."

"My father took her hand, and they ran and launched the canoe.

"My father paddled, Uluvao sat in the bow of the canoe. The night was very dark, and she was frightened, for in the waters hereabout are many *tanifa*—the thick, short shark—that will leap out of the water and fall on a canoe and crush it, so that those who paddle may be thrown out and devoured. And as she trembled she looked out at the shore of the two islands, which were now close to, and said to my father, 'Lo! what is this? I see a light as of a little fire.'

"Lauati ceased to paddle, and looked. And there, between the trunks of the cocoanuts, he saw the faint gleam of a little fire, and something, as of a figure, that moved.

"The girl Uluvao had a quick wisdom. 'Ah,' said she, 'perhaps it is the war-canoe (*taumualua*) from Falifa. Those dogs have learnt that all our men are gone away to Falealili to the *fono*, and they have come here to the islands to eat and rest, so that they may fall upon our town when it is dawn and slay us all. Let us back, ere it is too late.'

"But as she spoke she looked into the water, and my father looked too; and they both trembled. Deep down in the blackness of the sea was it that they saw; yet it quickly came nearer and nearer, like unto a great flame of white fire. It was a *tanifa*. Like flashes of lightning did my father dash his paddle into the water and urge his canoe to the land, for he knew that when the *tanifa* had come to the surface it would look and then dive, and when it came up again would spring upon and devour them both.

"It is better to give our heads to the men of Falifa than for us to go into the belly of the shark," he said; "and it may be we can land and they see us not." And so, with fear gnawing at their vitals, the canoe flew along, and the streak of fire underneath was close upon them when they struck the edge of the coral and knew they were safe.

"They dragged the canoe over the reef and then got in again, and paddled softly along till they passed the light of the fire, and then they landed on a little beach about a hundred *gafa* (fathoms) away. Then again Uluvao, who was a girl of wisdom, spoke.

"Listen," she said, "O man of my heart. Let us creep through the bushes and look. It may be that these men of Falifa are tired and weary, and sleep like hogs. Take thou, then, O Lauati, thy shark-club and knife from the canoe, and perchance we may fall upon one that sleepeth away from the rest; then shalt thou strike, and thou and I drag him away into the bushes and take his head. Then, ere it is well dawn, we will be back in the town, and Tuialo will no longer keep me from thee, for the head of a Falifa man will win his heart better than a fat turtle, and I will be wife to thee."

"My father was pleased at her words. So they crept like snakes along the dewy ground. When they came to a jagged boulder covered with vines, that was near unto the fire, they looked and saw but one man, and, lo! he was a *papalagi*—a white man. And then, until it was dawn, my father and the girl hid behind the jagged rock and watched.

"The white man was sitting on the sand, with his face clasped in his hands. At his feet lay another man, with his white face turned up to the sky, and those that watched saw that he was dead. He who sat over the dead man was tall and thin, and his hands were like the talons of the great fish-eagle, so thin and bony were they. His garments were ragged and old, and his feet were bare; and as my father looked at him his heart became pitiful, and he whispered to Uluvao, 'Let us call out. He is but weak, and I can master him if he springs upon me. Let us speak.'

"But Uluvao held him back. 'Nay,' she said; 'he may have a gun and shoot.'

"So they waited till the sun rose.

"The white man stood and looked about. Then he walked down to the beach, and my father and the girl saw lying on the rocks a little boat. The man went to the side, and put in his hand and brought out something in his hand, and came back and sat down again by the face of the dead. He had gone to the boat for food, and my father saw him place a biscuit to his mouth and commence to eat. But ere he swallowed any it fell from his hand upon the sand, and he threw himself upon the body of the dead man and wept, and his tears ran down over the face that was cold, and were drunk up by the sand.

"Then Uluvao began to weep and my father stood up and called out to the white man '*Talofo*!'

"He gazed at them and spoke not, but let them come close to him, and, pointing to him who lay on the sand, he covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head. Then Lauati ran and climbed a cocoanut-tree, and brought him two young nuts, and made him drink, and Uluvao got broad leaves and covered over the face of the dead from the hot sun. Not one word of our tongue could he speak, but yet from signs that he made Lauati and the girl knew that he wished to bury the dead man. So they two dug a deep grave in the sand, far up on the bank, where it lay soft and deep and covered with vines. When it was finished, they lifted the dead white man and laid him beside it. And as they looked upon him the other came and knelt beside it, and spoke many words into the ear that heard not, and Uluvao wept again to see his grief. At last they laid him in the grave, and all three threw in the sand and filled it up.

"Then these two took the strange white man by the hand and led him away into a little hut that was sometimes used by those who came to the island to fish. They made him eat and then sleep, and while he slept they carried up the things out of the boat and put them in the house beside him.

"When the sun was high in the heavens the white man awoke, and my father took his hand and pointed to the boat, and then to the houses across the sea. He bent his head and followed, and they all got into the boat, and hoisted the sail. When the boat came close to the passage of Alcipata, the people ran from out their houses, and stood upon the beach and wondered. And Lauati and Uluvao laughed and sang, and called out: 'Ho, ho, people! we have brought a great gift—a white man from over the sea. Send word quickly to Tuialo that he may return and see this our white man'; and, as the boat touched the sand, the old woman, the sister of Tuialo, came up, and said to Lauati, 'Well hast thou done, O lucky one! Better is this the gift of a white man than many turtle.'

"Then she took the stranger to her house, and pigs and fowls were killed, and yams and taro cooked, and a messenger sent to Tuialo to hasten back quickly and see this gift from the gods. For they were quick to see that in the boat were muskets and powder and bullets, and all the people rejoiced, for they thought that this white man could mend for them many guns that were broken and useless, and help them to fight against the men of Falifa.

"In two days Tuialo came back, and he made much of the white man, and Uluvao he gave to my father for wife. And for the white man were the softest mats and the best pieces of *siapo*, and he lived for nearly the space of two years in the chief's house. And all this time he worked at making boats and mending the broken guns and muskets, and, little by little, the words of our tongue came to him, and he learned to tell us many things. Yet, at night-time, he would always come to my father's house and sit with him and talk, and sometimes Uluvao would make kava for him and my father.

"At about the end of the second year, there came a whale-ship, and Tuialo and the white man, whom we called *Tui-fana*, 'the gun-mender,' went out to her, and took with them many pigs and yams to exchange for guns and powder. When the buying and selling was over, the captain of the ship gave *Tui-fana* a gun with two barrels—bright was it and new—and Tuialo, the chief, was eaten up with envy, and begged his white man for the gun, but he said, 'Nay, not now; when we are in the house we will talk.'

"Like as a swarm of flies, the people gathered round the council-house to see the guns and the powder and the swords that had been brought from the ship. And in the middle of the house sat *Tui-fana*, with the gun with two barrels in his hand.

"When all the chiefs had come in and sat down, Tuialo came. His face was smiles, but his heart was full of bitterness towards *Tui-fana*; and as he spoke to the people and told them of the words that had been spoken by the captain of the ship, he said, 'And see this white man, this *Tui-fana*, who hath grown rich among us, is as greedy as a Tongan, and keepeth for himself a new gun with two barrels.'

"The white stood up and spoke: 'Nay, not greedy am I. Take, O chief, all I have—my house, my mats, my land, and the wife thou gavest me, but yet would I say, "Let me keep this gun with the two barrels."'

"Tuialo was eaten up with greed, yet was his mind set on the gun; so he answered, 'Nay, that were to make thee as poor as when thou camest to us. Give me the gun—'tis all I ask.'

"It is not mine to give," he answered. Then he rose and spoke to the people. 'See,' said he, 'Tuialo, the chief, desires this gun, and I say it is not mine to give, for to Lauati did I promise such a gun a year



THE CIGARETTE-SMOKER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

gone by. This, then, will I do. Unto Tuialo will I give my land, my house, and all that is mine, but to Lauati I give the gun, for so I promised."

"Then fierce looks passed between the chief and the white man, and the people surged together to and fro, for they were divided, some for the fear of the chief, and some for the love of the white man. But most were for that Lauati should keep the gun. And so Tuialo, seeing that the people's hearts were against him, put on a smooth face, and came to the white man and said—

"Thou art as a son to me. Lauati shall keep the gun, and thou shalt keep thy house and lands. I will take nothing from thee. Let us be for ever friends."

"Then the white man said to the chief, 'O chief, gladly will I give thee all I have, but this man, Lauati, is as my brother, and I promised—'

"But Tuialo put his hand on the white man's mouth and said, 'Say no more, my son; I was but angered.'

"Yet see now his wickedness. For that night, when my father and Uluvao, my mother, were sitting with the white man and his wife, and drinking kava, there suddenly sprang in upon them ten men, who stood over them with clubs poised. They were the body-men of Tuialo.

"Drink thy kava,' said one to the white man, 'and then come out to die.'

"Ah, he was a man! He took the cup of kava from the hands of his wife's sister and said—

"It is well. All men must die. But yet would I see Tuialo before the club falls."

"The chief but waited outside, and he came.

"Must I die?" said the white man.

"Ay," said Tuialo. "Two such as thee and I cannot live at the same time. Thou art almost as great a man as I."

"The white man bent his head. Then he put out his hand to my father and said, 'Farewell, O my friend.'

"Lauati, my father, fell at the chief's feet. 'Take thou the gun, O chief, but spare his life.'

"Tuialo laughed. 'The gun will I take, Lauati, but his life I must have also.'

"My life for his,' said my father.

"And mine," said Uluvao, my mother.

"And mine also," said Manini, the white man's wife; and both she and Taulaga, her sister, bent their knees to the chief.

"The white man tried to spring up, but four strong men held him.

"Then Tuialo looked at the pair who knelt before him. He stroked his club, and spoke to his body-men.

"Bring them all outside.' They went together to the beach. 'Brave talkers ye be,' said he; 'who now will say, "I die for the white man"?"

"Nay, heed them not, Tuialo," said the white man. 'On me alone let the club fall.'

"But the chief gave him no answer, looking only at my father and the three women.

"My life," said Taulaga, the girl; and she knelt on the sand.

"The club swung round and struck her on the side of her head, and beat it in. She fell, and died quickly.

"Oho," mocked Tuialo, 'is there but one life offered for so great a man as Tui-fana?"

"Lauati fell before him. 'Spare me not, O chief, if my life but saves his.'

"And again the club swung, and Lauati, my father, died too, and as he fell his blood mixed with that of Taulaga.

"And then Uluvao and Manini, placing some little faith in his mocking words, knelt, and their blood, too, poured out on the ground, and the three women and my father lay in a heap together.

"Now I, Felipe, was but a child, and when my mother had gone to kneel under the club she had placed me under a *felan* tree near by. The chief's eye fell on me, and a man took me up and carried me to him.

"Then the white man said, 'Hurt not the child, O chief, or I curse thee before I die, and thou wastest away.'

"So Tuialo spared me.

"Then the chief came to the white man, and the two who held his hands pulled them well apart, and Tuialo once more swung his blood-dyed club. It fell, and the white man's head fell upon his breast."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Lord Dunraven has done a feat that most persons would have pronounced impossible. He may not be proud of the achievement, but it is there. He has succeeded in adding largely to the humiliation and disgust that were caused by the fiasco of the America Cup; and he has chiefly humiliated his own country—though not for her good, as Mr. Gladstone kindly wished in his latest outburst. That the owner of *Valkyrie* should make some statement as to his reasons for behaving as he did was, unfortunately, likely in these days, when few men can hold their tongues at the right moment; that he should complain of the excursion-steamers nuisance as preventing a fair race, and question the justice of the New York Yacht Club Committee in deciding the foul against him,

was only to be expected. The steamers were admittedly a hindrance, and may easily have hampered one yacht more than the other; the decision of the foul rested on technical and uncertain grounds of yachting etiquette. But when Lord Dunraven practically charges the owners or the captain of *Defender* with altering her weights during the races, he raises an issue whose gravity he seems to apprehend far too little.

The accusation is not absolutely formulated, perhaps; but we are told that Lord Dunraven and others noticed that *Defender* in the race seemed appreciably lower in the water than when measured; that he demanded a fresh measurement, which was not made till next day, and resulted in practically the same figures as before; and that, between the race and the re-measurement, *Defender* lay beside her tender, with no official watch kept on her—the inference suggested being that, during this interval, the extra weight which had caused the supposed increase of draught was removed. This seems, to a plain mind, to involve an insinuation that the owners and crew of *Defender* fraudulently tampered with the weights of their boat—a kind of trick that, when practised on the Turf, has resulted in many jockeys and some noblemen being warned off the course.

Now, this sort of talk will not do. The owners of *Defender* have shown a chivalrous desire to be fair; the Cup Committee, if unduly afraid of responsibility, is above suspicion of connivance at such a trick as is hinted at in Lord Dunraven's pamphlet. As Ibsen says, "People don't do such things"—at least, not people in their position. And further, the owner of *Valkyrie* is convicted by his own conduct. His action in merely crossing the line for the third race, so as to ensure the award to his opponent, was understood to be a protest against the way in which the conditions of the contest had handicapped him. But it was also a tacit acknowledgment that the adversary had played fairly within those conditions. If he believed the *Defender* syndicate capable of secretly altering the ballast of their yacht, so as to snatch an undue advantage, it was his duty to decline any future relations with such rivals. If he merely suspected a trick, he should either have brought some cogent proof of his charges or abstained from making them.

And now the mischief is done, and there will be no further chance of a friendly match between representative yachtsmen, unless Lord Dunraven is thrown over by his own countrymen, and summoned to justify or retract his accusations, or resign his membership of various yacht clubs. And this seems unduly hard on a good sportsman for whose temper an irritating failure has been too much. But, really, his Lordship has brought his countrymen and the yachting fraternity into a most awkward position, and many of them will possibly wish him dropped in mid-Atlantic with the America Cup tied round his neck.

The tragi-comic Lanchester affair seems to be taking a new turn. The Social Democrat who is engaged not to marry the young lady seems resolved to carry the war into the enemy's camp. Not content with saving his Andromeda from her parents and enabling her to be offered up as a sacrifice to the monster of crude social theory, he must needs go in for costs and damages. Probably the law is against the relatives, whose methods were certainly less praiseworthy than their motives; but one may doubt whether the distinction is one that even the acumen of an Asquith will make clear to the average British juryman. The ordinary man feels blindly that there ought to be some way of saving women and men from the consequences of their own folly. He has toleration for Kipling's Three Men, who, at the instigation of Mrs. Hawksbee (I will not swear to the name; but I know she drew the loop of her riding-whip between her lips when she spoke, which must have been impressive), kidnapped an Indian Civil Servant on the eve of his marriage with a pretty girl of native descent and impossible relations.

Party papers, commenting on the eminence of Miss Lanchester's counsel, have rebuked, or, at least, admonished Mr. Asquith, a late Home Secretary, for taking up, as advocate, the kind of case that used to come before him for review. Will he not, ask these sapient scribes, tie his hands in possible future dealings with lunatics and Social Democrats, and similar persons?

The objection is hardly weighty. Many a great lawyer has repressed as judge the bad law he maintained as advocate, even if Mr. Asquith's position be unsound—which has yet to be settled. But, apart from this, is it not conceivable that the Home Secretaryship is precisely the office that its late occupant would *not* want to have reserved for him? It will be some years before a Liberal Cabinet is wanted, by which time some people will be older and less vigorous. And the Premier has nothing to do with lunatics.

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



MAIDEN MEDITATION.—HERBERT P. JACKSON.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ART NOTES.

We have so great a kindness for the annual Guildhall Loan Collection of Pictures that we rejoice to learn that Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades are to publish early next month an important volume, under the title of "Modern English Art," which will consist of twenty-five collotype



A BULLDOG.—HERBERT DICKSEE.
Exhibited at the Society of Painter-Etchers.

reproductions of pictures exhibited last summer at the Guildhall. The book, apart from its probable essential excellence, will certainly serve to keep alive the memory and instructiveness of an admirable institution, which has, it is likely, done more towards familiarising the people with art than a dozen exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

It is some gratification also to record, in connection with the above publication, that it is to form a companion volume with the "Masterpieces of Art" issued last year by the same publishers, of which there remains not a copy unsold. The same enterprising firm is also to publish, simultaneously with "Modern English Art," a volume entitled "Venetian Art." This will contain reproductions of the best among the pictures shown at the Venetian Exhibition of the New Gallery, which occupied the walls of that institution during the greater part of last winter. Evidently to guard against that excessive popularity which has resulted in the selling-out of "Masterpieces of Art," there will be prepared, in addition to the ordinary edition of both works, a small, special edition also of each set of reproductions.

The Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery of the New English Art Club once more pleases by the smallness of its selection and the consequent comparatively easy task which it sets before the consideration of the long-suffering critic. The show itself is interesting, and even engrossing. Among the portraits of distinction, the first to note is Mr. C. W. Furse's excellent three-quarter length, "The Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton." It is a portrait that only a very few living artists could surpass. A very few, undoubtedly, there are; but that does not alter the fact that the portrait in question, for its modelling, its gravity, its refined colour and artistic handling, is a really remarkable work.

Mr. P. Wilson Steer contributes a couple of portraits which, representing the artist's talent from widely different standpoints, do not do full justice to that talent at all. His "Portrait of Mr. J. Havard Thomas" has some excellent qualities. The dramatic quality and the quickness of

expression are both exceedingly good; but it is sad to find, combined with virtues so plain and so distinguished, such glaring drawbacks as empty modelling and weak handling of the flesh surfaces. His other portrait is finer in every way, of a girl artificially lighted. In every respect this is superior to the former, save in that single point of dramatic quality which is that work's salvation.

Mr. Arthur Tomson is always poetical and refined, and his little Surrey landscape, "Sheep-fold," has in it a really beautiful quality. This is an artist who stands among a very small band of English landscape-painters to whom brushwork for the sake of brushwork, paint for the sake of paint, are delightful and artistic concerns. In this little picture he proves himself once more worthy of such praise. Mr. Moffat Lindner, in his water-colour "Toledo," shows a good deal of power and swiftness of expression, qualities which are no less evident in a brightly and even splendidly coloured view of a town and sea, "Passages."

Mr. Brabazon is always interesting, and a couple of water-colours sent by him, "Autumn of the Marne" and "Vesuvius from Capri," are more than interesting, they are even exquisite. The latter of the two is particularly beautiful; the painter has taken his view either from the winding road to "Barbarossa" or from the height of Monte Solaro, it is difficult (and unnecessary) to say which; but he gives the impression of light in every particle of the living atmosphere. For the rest, the exhibition is one, take it all in all, which has many attractive things, and a few which are as emphatically unattractive, the reverse, it will be perceived, of a too-general rule.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have just issued a handsome volume, entitled "Horses and Dogs," by O. Eerelman, containing a large number of reproductions of paintings by Herr Eerelman dealing with both races of animals as his subjects. If we had to make a choice, we should say that the horses are better than the dogs. Herr Eerelman paints horses, as it seems, with greater variety and freedom, with a more intimate sense of their beauty and capacity. The descriptive text which accompanies this noble series of illustrations is translated from the Dutch by Clara Bell. It is an interesting personal memoir, not unworthy of the subject.

Mr. George Allen has just published a really magnificent volume containing ten of Mr. Ruskin's drawings, reproduced beautifully in photogravure or chromolithography, with a running text compiled from diaries, under the title of "Studies in Both Arts." The plates have been produced from important drawings which have hitherto remained unpublished, and we are bound to say that they are better than any of Mr. Ruskin's drawings which we have ever before seen. We select particularly "Vesuvius, seen above the City of Naples," and "Naples: the Porta Capuana, 1841," for special commendation; but all are distinguished by artistic quality and expression. The text, it goes without saying, is admirable, and the cover of the book is from a design by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

"Etching, Drypoint, Mezzotint," is the name of a treatise on the whole art of the Painter-Etcher, by Hugh Paton, A.R.P.E., to be published by Messrs. Raithby, Lawrence, and Co. Mr. Paton has divided the whole subject into two parts, confining himself, in the first, to a description of a method of working that will suffice as a foundation for after practice, in whatever direction; and, in the second, giving as full an account as possible, not merely of the necessary tools, but of the different acids and their peculiarities, of grounds and varnishes, their composition, how to make, &c., as well as of many other articles.



A STUDY IN STRIPES.—MISS NELLIE HADDEN.
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.



BUTTERFLIES.—WILL A. CADBY.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

AN UNFREQUENTED SPOT.

Far from the noisy Metropolis, and a mile from the sea-coast, there lies a small borough which is still uninvaded by the holiday-seeker and the tourist; so unprogressive is it, that hitherto it has escaped the ravages of that parasite to England's beauty, the "jerry-builder." Under the shadow of the grand old minster, the pretty thatched houses still remain trim and neat as of old, and the two beautiful streams that join their waters here flow on unpolluted by sewage or mill, and trout and salmon flourish in their clear depths.

Many are the quaint, interesting old legends of the minster and the ivy-clad ruins of the castle near. But the quiet, dreamy little town has a far greater attraction to me in its harbour, a long, rambling sheet of tidal water, full of rush-covered shallows and reed-beds. A range of sand-dunes shuts out the sea on the south, save for one narrow, deep channel, through which the tide flows in and out with a great swirl and rush. The dunes wend away westward, ending at a steep promontory called the "Head," once a famous Roman camp. Many a happy day

there are large shoals of mullet in the harbour, and they often get into the shallow water (making a turmoil like a miniature school of mackerel), the name is here quite appropriate. A shrill call like a king-fisher's, and a little brown-and-white bird, a summer snipe (common sandpiper), settles quite close to the punt on the mud: he is soon followed by a wisp of snipe that seem to drop from nowhere. Directly they settle they are lost to sight, so exactly does their beautiful brown plumage harmonise with the surrounding tangle of dead reeds and water-plants. I only once surprised a settled snipe before he saw me; then he rose almost directly my sight rested upon him. A hooded crow is carefully hunting every nook and corner of the shore for carrion, and comes flapping lazily along: a wounded bird has but a poor chance of escaping its prying gaze and deadly beak. In a neighbouring spire-bed the starlings are making a tremendous chatter: soon they will scatter here and there, and in small flocks seek their food in the marshes around. As I prepare to paddle back to the quay, the snipe rise, one at a time, in their sudden way, and fly off. A barge, with a picturesque tanned sail, is coming slowly up the harbour. As it passes, a "shag" (crested cormorant), that has gradually dived up toward the island, flaps



VICTOR AND LEONA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

have I spent here, paddling up and down in a light shooting-punt when the tide is high, or pushing over the mud when it is "out"; sometimes shooting, more often watching the birds that abound on and around it. There is a little island in the harbour, covered with thick, rank vegetation, and ending in a "spire-bed" of graceful reeds six or eight feet high. When the water is high, one can get right in among them in a punt; but when the tide ebbs, it leaves bare the mud-banks, teeming with food for the snipe and sandpipers. Here, during one very-severe winter, a fisherman shot three bittern. No doubt, they had been driven in by stress of weather.

Starting before the first signs of daybreak, I row quietly down here and lie among the reeds, quite hidden by them. Although too dark to see, I can hear the "swish-swish" as a flock of ducks fly over, and the whistle of a company of widgeon. Soon it is light enough to see long strings of them flying to the preserves inland, from their "night" haunts down here on the coast. Half-a-dozen herons are fishing, well out in the centre of a shallow bay; as the first signs of sunrise appear, they rise, circle round once or twice, and then make for the Head, there to stay till evening. The gulls gradually "work up" towards the quay on the shore side of the harbour, picking up odds and ends as they go. I once shot one, out of a flock sunning themselves on a sand-bank; on getting it into the punt, it threw up a large number of tiny "dabs" it had been feeding upon. Away toward the dunes a large hawk is towering, and then swooping down to the water; it is an osprey—the fishermen call it a "mullet hawk." As

awkwardly along the top of the water a few yards, then gains its wings, and flies out to sea, there to continue its fishing unmolested.

Accompanied, as I usually am on shooting excursions, by a fisherman whose equal for practical knowledge of boats, guns, and wildfowl would be hard to find. I have had many an exciting stalk for duck or curlew.

Watching one afternoon in October, from the dunes, "Bob" discovered what to me appeared to be two white stones, on a sand-bank half a mile away; he, however, pronounced them to be sheldrake, so we determined to try and stalk them. The wind, blowing straight up the harbour to them, necessitated our making a long detour to creep up under the lee of the bank. After a long pull we arrive within some three hundred yards of them, then we lie perfectly flat in the punt, I in the bow, with a couple of No. 4 shot cartridges in my "double," and Bob with one hand over the side pushing through the shallow water with a short paddle. Very slowly we approach against the wind, without a sound or splash; only a few yards of sand-bank separate us from where the birds are. But the water shallows as we approach, and the punt grates upon the sand. At the slight noise, the heads of the ducks are suspiciously raised to view; they see us immediately, and rise, but they are within range, and, rising quickly to a kneeling position, I manage to bag one with the right barrel, and the other falls a short distance away, to the left. The male is in splendid plumage, and a very lovely specimen, and we feel amply repaid for the toil of creeping upon them. As the sun sets, the wind blows very coldly, and we settle down to row home, with visions of a cheerful fire and tea ahead of us.—F. R. W.



LADY MAITLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

GOLF.

Photographs by H. D. Montin, Paternoster Row.

George Eliot, among the many universal truths which she struck, never said a truer thing than that it is impossible to do anything in this world without a motive. There lies the secret of the popularity of golf—it provides you with a motive for a ten-mile walk, whereas, perhaps, in



NEASDEN GOLF CLUB-HOUSE.

London you cannot force or persuade yourself into walking half a mile. There you travel everywhere in your brougham, or you charter the eternal hansom.

The Neasden Golf Links, of which one or two illustrations are given, are in the fortunate position of being the nearest to London. You can drive down in three-quarters of an hour from the Marble Arch, or you can train it from Baker Street in twenty minutes. Thus metropolitan, geographically speaking (though you can dream that you are a hundred miles away from the mother city when you alight at Neasden), it is no wonder that this course is flocked to by those who toil for a subsistence, or, born with the silver spoon, torture themselves with *ennui* in London. It is curious to note that golf is a game whose votaries are almost entirely of the intellectual class. Look down the list of members in the Neasden Golf Club handbook, and you will see that they are well-known *littérateurs*, artists, barristers, and such-like.

But this is by no means the most interesting circumstance. What pleases me very much more is to find so many ladies with the club in



ENTRANCE-HALL.

hand. And, what is more, they run their male opponents very close. Lady Ribblesdale's play, for instance, has excited the highest admiration on the Neasden course. Any game is twice as fascinating where ladies can participate, because men, after a time, begin to bore each other, and the advent of a petticoat, with, perchance, a pretty little ankle also, will often save a company of self-bored men, who, but for woman, would become what my sister calls "as grumpy as bears."

However, it should be mentioned that ladies may not play on the Neasden course either on Saturdays or Sundays (though they may watch the game), the reason being not an ungallant one, but simply that there is such a rush of town-escaped men to the links on these two days that the ladies could not enjoy the game even if the rules permitted.

The royal and ancient game of golf has a huge history, upon which I will not touch—suffice it to say that I left a couple of historians the other day who looked like coming to bloodshed over the question whether it is a native Scotch game or one imported from Holland by King James the First (or Second), played by him on Blackheath, and passed on through his royal hands to the Caledonian. All I wish to add is this, that the more golf the fewer doctors, and that the links rob the medical faculty of thousands of pounds yearly. I have seen scores of men come down to the Neasden course fairly at their last gasp. They had strained their nerves with worry or overwork until they were on the point of snapping like a violin-string—one snap, and there would have been no more music in that human instrument—nay, doctors had despaired of the lives of some of these men. What happened? They began to play; the game commenced to grow upon them; they did the four-mile course once the first day and twice the second. Their pallid cheeks were soon painted with the rouge of Nature; instead of refusing their



IN FULL SWING.

food, they found their teeth as sharp as tigers' when a joint was set before them in the Neasden Club-house, and beginning as wrecks, they ended as giants.

FREDERICK LEAL.

A "THANK YOU."

SHE (*loquitur*).

The fault was Kew!

We were alone amid' exotics rare,
A tropic fragrance wandered through the air;
If love could blossom, it would blossom there!

And you

Divined my blushing thought, and—at the scene,
The startled lilies flushed their virgin sheen,
And that dear fan-palm lowered a kindly screen,
To palliate what certainly had been

The fault of Kew!

HE (*loquitur*).

The fault was You!

Your breath is incense to call angels down;
The maidenhair I liked the best was brown!
And love had blossomed all the way from town
To Kew.

And when you raised to me those sparkling eyes,
Fairer than fairest night of tropic skies,
I proved—on cheek and lips that won the prize,
There where each tender bud in sweetness vies—

The fault was You.

H. S. M.

IN A LITERARY WORKSHOP.

A CHAT WITH MR. AND MRS. WILTON JONES
(GERTRUDE WARDEN).

In the shadow of the Great Wheel, suggestive, with its ever-changing living burden, of the "hatches and despatches" of life (writes a *Sketch* representative), I found Miss Gertrude Warden and her husband, Mr. Wilton Jones, at home in their pretty little house in West Kensington. Rising from before a table placed in one of the windows of the writing-room into which I was ushered, the author of "Haunted Lives," "Recommended to Mercy," "Larks," and a score of other dramatic works, received me cordially; while his pretty and accomplished wife stepped down from the higher stool on which she habitually perches herself when she writes those charming stories which always find such a ready sale.

"And this is where you and your husband write?" I remarked, as I toyed with "Five Old Maids," the latest published of Miss Gertrude Warden's novels.

"Yes, and we stick to our work pretty closely, Mr. Jones generally managing to knock off ten columns of 'leaders' and criticisms a-week; but the thinking-out of play or story is mainly done while we are out walking, and we frequently walk many miles a day, especially when we get into Richmond Park."

"And when we leave town," interposed Mr. Jones, "we pick out some out-of-the-way place, far away from railroads. I recollect, on one occasion, we were obliged to walk four miles a-day to get our dinner, and the blacksmith was the only barber in the place."

"Now, tell me, if possible, how you conceive your plots?" I asked, turning to Miss Warden.

"Well, locality has a great effect on me. What I mean is that an old castle or a moated grange at once seems peopled by a variety of characters as I walk round the building; but I never want to go inside—the interior I prefer to invent; the exterior I generally describe in detail."

"Many curious old places figure in my wife's stories," interposed Mr. Wilton Jones; "but, among the most curious places we have visited, none surpassed the Dark Arches which divert the whole course of the River Aire, at Leeds. It is a weird place, and most suggestive of crime as the black waters of the river swirl past, the gleam of reflected lights heightening the effect. Only due caution

bring characters together to take part in it—indeed, my method is just the opposite. The tragedy or mystery is the natural resultant of the clash of one character upon another, the influence of mind on mind under certain circumstances. No, I don't care for the dreadful—indeed, so much so, that I can't even bear to be alone in a dark room." After a pause, she went on, "I like strong writing, I admit, but I eschew anything of a 'nasty' or gruesome nature, and I leave scrupulously alone the problem-story when it involves dealing with peculiar sexual relations."

"And when you collaborate, as you so often do, I believe, with Mr. Wilton Jones, and notably in the production of 'The Scapegoat,' how do you proceed?"

"We go for one of our long walks," chimed in Mr. Jones, "and we talk over the plot. When that and the locality are selected for the story, I generally block it practically into a play, making acts, scenes, and situations. Then my wife and I wrangle over the dialogue together, and go for more walks, fiercely denounce each other—probably in a boat out Shepperton or Chertsey way—until, at the finish, we scarcely know which part of a story we severally wrote," he said, laughing heartily.

"I think I have had special advantages for story-writing," observed Mrs. Wilton Jones, "for I have experienced much fluctuation of fortune. My father was a wealthy man at one time, and I have also known the pinch of poverty. Both sets of conditions have taught me much. I have, too, a very large circle of friends, and when you go out a great deal, many original ideas and novel situations strike you."

"And your stage experience must also afford valuable material. By the way, tell me something of your dramatic career?"

"Yes, I will; but that was not quite at the beginning, for I used to draw at the British Museum and South Kensington, to start with, and, what is more, used to find purchasers. Indeed, I have been very fortunate all my life. I have invariably been paid by all my managers, and I have not written a single line that has not found a market. Well, you must know I have played in quite five hundred pieces, and on one occasion, at Southampton, I painted the scenery, and on another I acted in French, for, I may tell you, I was educated in France."

"Ah! is that so?"

"Well, my first experience was at the revival of 'School' at the Haymarket, when Kate Rorke and Laura Graves, and May Woolgar Mellon and I, were among the little school-girls. With four stock companies and half-a-dozen tours, I did hard work in the provinces, playing the sentimental heroines, such as Lottie in 'Two Roses,' Dorothy Devereux in 'Crutch and Toothpick,' Esther Eccles in 'Caste,' Bella in 'School,' and so on. Then, by a hit I made as Sybil Latimer, in Henry Arthur Jones's 'Heart of Hearts,' I got cast for a long time for all the disagreeable characters, such as Mrs. Rayner in the adaptation of my sister Florence's novel, 'The House on the Marsh,' Lady Snerwell, Mrs. Linden, in the first production in England of Ibsen's play, 'The Doll's House,' and Lady Highfield in Haddon Chambers' 'The Honourable Herbert.' After a while I got sick of doing the hack-work of touring, and took up my pen to write, and was successful from my first start."

"Then you don't really care for the stage?"

"Yes, indeed I do. I love playing in London. You may remember me as Victoria Vivash in 'The New Woman,' but what I really prefer is to play in Shakspeare. I have played Celia and Hero—I delight in speaking blank verse."

"By the way, have you yourself written verse?"

"Well, I must confess that I have done something in that line, and people tell me my poetry is too Swinburnian," she replied, with a pleasant smile which animated her face very becomingly. "I actually gained a prize for some of my lines. G. R. Sims offered eight prizes for some verses. There were 3000 competitors, I believe, but I won this charming picture of 'Dagonet' sitting at table, with all his dogs, horses, and cats as company."

"Do you find time to read other people's books?"

"I do, a few, both in French and English, but I make a point of never reading anything that I don't think will assist in improving my style or mode of literary treatment."

"Well, is your next novel going to eclipse even 'The Haunted House at Kew'?"

"Quien sabe?" she replied archly, as I rose to leave.



MR. WILTON JONES.

Photo by L. Passingham, Brighton.



MISS GERTRUDE WARDEN.

Photo by Barraults, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

prevents your walking straight into the stream. At my suggestion, George Conquest, dear old Paul Merritt, and good Henry Pettitt all visited the spot, and were much struck with it."

"You like dealing with tragedies, I suppose, Miss Warden?"

"No, I cannot say I do. It is not my practice to invent a crime and



"YUM-YUM."

"We're very wide awake, the moon and I."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



PROOF POSITIVE.

"How do you know he married for money?"
"I've seen her."



HE : I've a perfect passion for poetry.
SHE : Unrequited, isn't it ?



"That kitten does look funny on that milk-can."



"He'll be in."



"Ha! ha! how funny!"



"He! he! I thought he'd tumble in!"

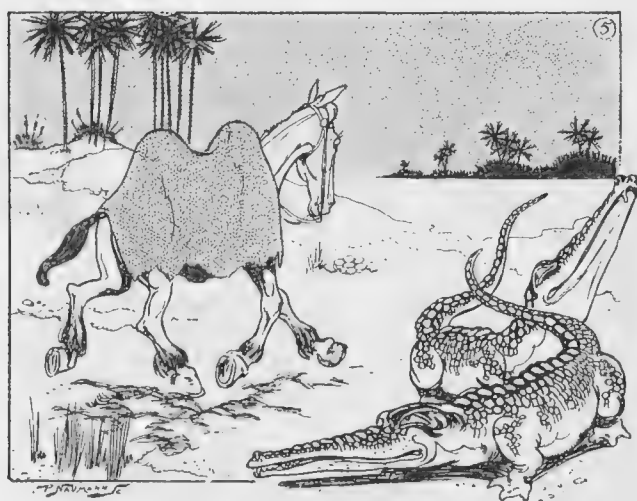
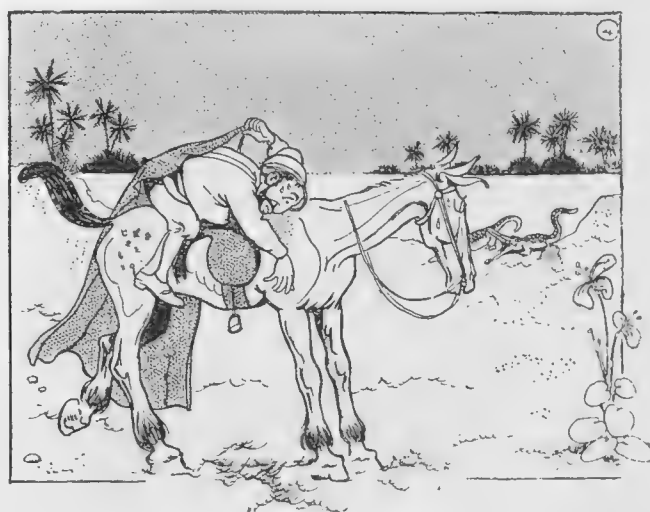
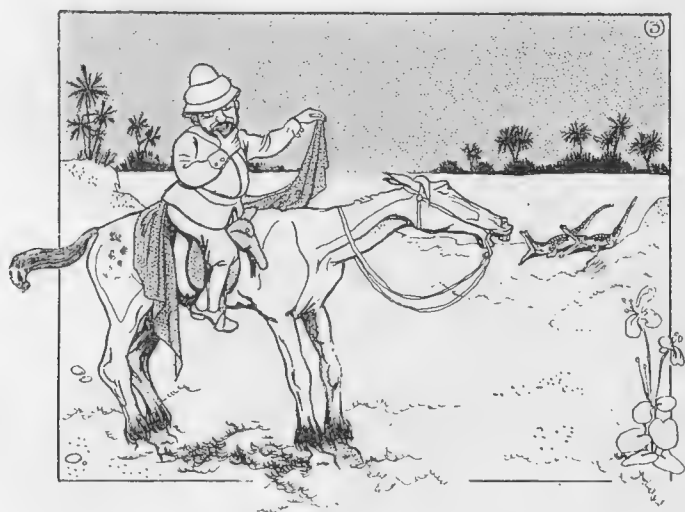
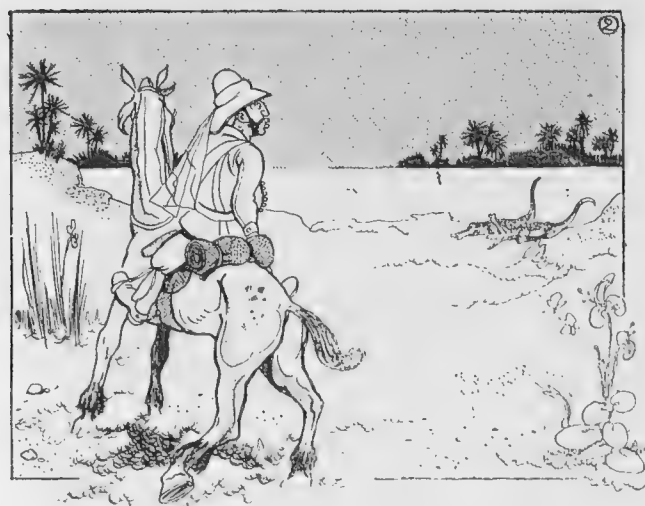
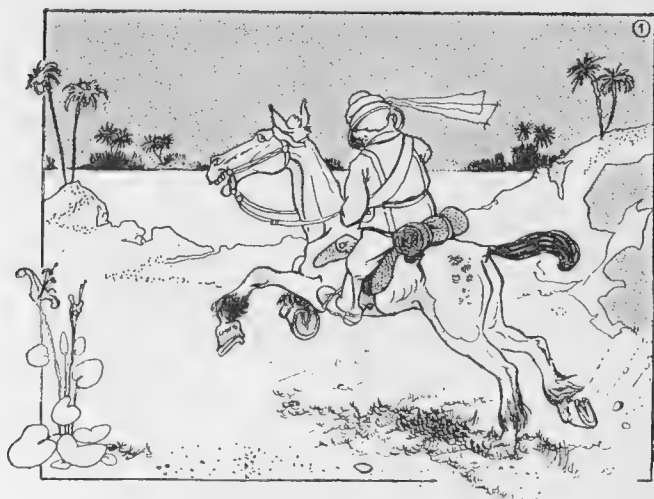


"Ho! ho! what a sight!"



Louis Wain.

"My kitten, is it? Mercy! Save him!"



IN DARKEST AFRICA.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

VII.—A WELL-MEANING MAN.

The advertisement evoked only three replies; perhaps it was less carefully worded than in former instances. However, one of the letters had a very encouraging sound. Youth of nineteen; till of late, clerk to his father; father just dead; small sum at disposal; willing to pay reasonable premium, but salary looked for. "Yours obediently, Herbert H. Winter." The others read more doubtfully; it would be as well to see Herbert Winter before replying to them.

Mr. Parrington (that was his name for the present) sat in the small office which he had taken, furnished, a month or two ago. Sales and purchases of every kind of property, valuation, surveying, recovery of debts—all such undertakings fell within his scope; to him, nothing human was alien for which a commission could be charged. A thoroughly well-meaning man; no one more resolute to live honestly, if only the world would let him. But, for some ten years, the world had seemed intent on making him a rogue. Innumerable his fresh starts, his new leaves turned over with a virtuous thrill. He had been driven, by sheer force of circumstance, out of every large town in England; he had tried rural districts, with no better result, and the marvel was, that once only had the law laid a finger on him. A mere touch, as good as forgotten, yet it had helped to embitter Mr. Parrington. Why, think merely of his prodigious exertions in the borrowing of small sums! And now, at last, every effort of that kind had failed; what could he do but advertise again—for such a young man as Herbert Winter?

The young man came at the appointed time, with absolute punctuality. At the sight of the office he seemed a trifle disappointed, but Mr. Parrington was prepared for this, and combated the unfavourable impression with his blandest smile, his most cordial tone. He liked the look of young Winter; the pallid, amiable countenance, air of nervous conscientiousness; the mourning-band on his coat-sleeve and silk hat.

"Well, Mr. Winter, let us talk it over. This, by-the-bye, is a temporary office. Just now I do a good deal of my work at home. Well, and what exactly has your experience been? I see, I see. All very useful, but—*hardly*—never mind! Suppose I put a practical test. Here is a catalogue of the last sale at Brooks and Roper's, marked with prices obtained. Suppose you sit down and work out for me—first, the average of items on the first page; then, a commission at 7½ on the three highest figures."

With a tremulousness he could not conceal, the young man applied himself to the task; Mr. Parrington, the while, turned to the writing of letters in which he had been interrupted.

"Done already? Very good time indeed, Mr. Winter—and perfectly correct. Come, I think we can make something of you."

Mr. Winter flushed with satisfaction. Ten minutes' more talk settled the whole affair. In consideration of a premium of five-and-twenty pounds, Mr. Parrington would instruct his young friend in the art and mystery of commission-agency, and, moreover, would give him a salary of fifteen shillings a-week, to be increased to twenty in six months' time. Payment of premium to-morrow morning, when duties would begin. And Mr. Winter took a friendly leave, without its ever having occurred to him to request any proof of Mr. Parrington's respectability. At half-past nine next morning the premium was paid. In exchange for it, Mr. Winter received a very solemnly worded and skilfully engrossed document, which he put into his pocket.

"And now to business, Mr. Winter. Here is a catalogue of a sale at Snape's, Rose Alley, London Wall; you'll easily find it. You will attend the sale (10.30 for 11), and mark all the prices with great care. It'll probably be over by one o'clock. Then you will lunch—let me beg of you not to take alcoholic liquor—and be here at a quarter to two sharp. By-the-bye, as you pass Lukin Brothers'—ah! you must study the Directory in your spare time—just look in, with my compliments, and get their latest prices-current. You understand? Their *latest*."

A week passed. Mr. Winter had been pretty fully occupied, almost always away from the office; it seemed to him that he was learning a good deal about public auctions, and his knowledge of the City of London had decidedly improved. On the morning of the day when his first week's salary fell due, he received at his lodgings a post-card from Mr. Parrington—"Meet me 10.15, booking-office King's Cross main station." He kept the appointment, only to find Mr. Parrington in such a hurry that hardly a dozen words could be exchanged.

"Back to-morrow morning. Here's a list of matters you'll look after. Oh, by-the-bye, I'm in your debt. Hang it! No change. Settle to-morrow. Office, usual time."

Herbert Winter did not feel well this morning. Not long ago he had had an attack of influenza, and his present symptoms disagreeably suggested a return of the complaint. After struggling painfully through the work Mr. Parrington had set him (it was a cold, drizzly day), he went home, and to bed. Yes, the fever was upon him again. In his poor lodgings he passed a miserable night.

Till of late his home had been at Rochester. After his father's death, armed with a capital of thirty pounds, all he could hope for, he came up to London, and was lucky enough to see Mr. Parrington's advertisement. Of course, he must struggle against this slight illness. But in the morning he could not stand, much less prepare to go to the office. With difficulty he found a messenger to take a letter for him.

Now, as it happened, Mr. Parrington's sudden departure was on no make-believe business. When writing to his clerk, he had purposed a

mere trick, to postpone payment of salary; as yet he was not quite ready to "turn over a new leaf." But that evening his eyes fell on a newspaper advertisement which startled him. It was headed with his name, his true name, and stated that, on applying to such and such persons in a Midland town he would "hear of something to his advantage." Of a possible *something* he had long been aware, and his heart leapt at the prospect of what he hardly durst hope. So it came to pass that, when his clerk met him at King's Cross, Mr. Parrington was actually speeding away on an affair of moment. It proved to be the event of his tremulous anticipation, and when, twenty-four hours later, he returned to London, it was as the jubilant possessor of a considerable sum of money; no fortune, but quite enough either to support him for a few years in cosy idleness, or—as he fervently resolved—to give him the genuine "start in life" which he had so long sighed for.

In the letter-box at the office he found Herbert Winter's excuse for absence: he read it thoughtfully.

"Poor devil! He's looked run-down from the first. A good lad, too. I'll go and see him, and—yes, by God! he shall have his money back. He shall! I can afford the luxury of being honest, and I will."

Mr. Parrington, to fortify himself for this great undertaking, repaired to a restaurant in Cheapside, and lunched copiously. Over his subsequent cigar he mused—

"After all, why should I go and see the poor chap? Ten to one I should only make him ashamed: no doubt, he's lodging in some damned poor hole. I'll write and send him his week's salary, and tell him to meet me somewhere or other when he's on his legs again. Yes, that's better."

In the glow of his bottle of wine, Mr. Parrington did write, and, what was more, enclosed a postal order for fifteen shillings. "As soon as you are all right, send me a card to the General Post Office, and I'll tell you where to meet me. Certain circumstances have made it necessary for me to alter arrangements, but *you will be treated honourably*."

Herbert Winter's post-card lay at the General Post Office for a long time. Meanwhile, Mr. Parrington—no longer so named—had quitted London. After all (such was the upshot of his musing), the foolish lad, if he got his twenty-five pounds back again, would only lose it to some designing rascal; far better that he should exert himself, and get a clerkship in the ordinary way, and earn honest wages—far better. Mr. Parrington, as always, meant well, and, in days to come, he remembered with vast self-approval that he *had* sent the week's salary to the poor devil laid up with illness.

THE NAUTCH-GIRL.

Two Indian nautch-girls have just arrived by the P. and O. steamship *Australia*. They are to recoup their expenses in travelling through Europe by giving entertainments. One is a woman from Kashmir and the other from Bareilly, in the North-West Provinces of India. All



Hindustani nautch-dances are representative of events connected with their religion. Those who have seen these nautches say that they are free from any of those vulgar gestures associated with the Egyptian and other nautches which have been shown in Europe. They are the first real nautch-girls who have ever left India's shores for Europe.

"TATTERSALL'S."

The serious illness of Mr. Edmund Tattersall, the head of the famous firm of "Tattersall's," has brought prominently before the world at large a name which for a century and a quarter has, in racing circles, been a household word. Thirty years ago, when the well-known horse-mart was moved to its present home at Knightsbridge from its original quarters at Hyde Park Corner, Admiral Rous, presiding at a banquet in honour of the occasion, referred, amidst the applause of those present, to the fact that it was not so much the duration of time the great business had been carried on which commanded general respect, as the probity which characterised the firm. This, indeed, is the proud boast of the house of Tattersall, which, established in 1766, when George III. had reigned but



GATEWAY OF "TATTERSALL'S" AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Photo by T. C. Martin.

six years, fourteen years before the first Derby was run, has, from father to son, been handed down, Mr. Edmund Tattersall being the great-grandson of the original founder of the firm. The portrait of "Old Tat," in blue coat and brass buttons, red waistcoat, and typical, low-crowned hat, is not one of the least-treasured possessions owned by his great-great-grandson, Mr. Somerville Tattersall, who keeps alive at Knightsbridge the traditions of what our fathers and grandfathers knew familiarly as "The Corner." Of those distant days one relic still exists, a familiar feature in the courtyard of the well-known establishment at Knightsbridge, the little temple surmounted by the quaint bust of the youthful Prince Regent, in after years George IV., the friend of "Dick" Tattersall, third and most famous of his dynasty. That dynasty may be traced down very simply: first, the original Tattersall, "Old Tat," who, after gaining experience at Bevor's Horse-mart in St. Martin's Lane, became eventually superintendent of the Duke of Kingston's stables, the purchaser of Highflyer for the then very enormous sum of 2500 guineas (though some authorities state £800), and the founder, in 1766, at Hyde Park Corner, of the establishment which has ever since borne his name. "Old Tat" died in 1795, his son Edmund following him at the rostrum, but being carried off suddenly in 1810. To him succeeded Richard, better known to his contemporaries as "Dick" Tattersall, who, at eighteen years of age, was head of a firm which had already become as powerful a factor in the racing world as the Jockey Club itself. To Richard "the Second," who died in 1858, succeeded his son Richard and Mr. Edmund, a first cousin, as partners. Richard died in the interim when, thirty years ago, the firm was moving from its old quarters, at the corner of St. George's Hospital, to its present home, leaving Mr. Edmund Tattersall alone, though assisted of late years by his son, Mr. Somerville Tattersall.

It was the shrewd purchase by the first Tattersall, from Lord Bolingbroke, of Highflyer, which the old gentleman was always ready to admit founded the fortunes of the firm; and to his dying day "The Hammer and Highflyer" formed his invariable toast at the many convivial dinners he gave at Hyde Park Corner, where he died, and at Highflyer Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, his country home, which he named after his favourite. How gratefully he preserved the memory of the horse is shown by the fact that on his portrait, under the copy of "The Stud-Book" on which his hand is laid, the observant eye can detect a label bearing the words, "Highflyer not to be sold." True to this request, Highflyer passed his last days in the paddock at the Hall which bore his name. Highflyer at stud proved a valuable investment, and those conversant with equine pedigrees know well the place he holds in the history of our Turf, so many of the leading lights of which within the past century and a quarter have passed under the Tattersall hammer.

From the outset, Tattersall's, as the chief rendezvous of the best representatives of the racing world, became, when sporting prophets were unknown and halfpenny evening papers undreamt of, a centre for the latest racing news. But it is worthy of note that it was not till 1818, according to the late Mr. Richard Tattersall, that his father opened, in what had till then served as a laundry attached to the establishment, the first "Subscription Rooms," which, since that time, have assumed such a position as to stand only second to the Jockey Club. Indeed, till quite recently, Tattersall's and its "Subscription Rooms" formed the London home of that all-powerful body. Nowadays, it is true, under changed conditions, when betting is indulged in at many other resorts, Tattersall's does not, perhaps, hold quite the position it did in the past, though "settling-day," with the awful fate awaiting the defaulter on such occasions, still retains all its old prestige. At Knightsbridge, as all are aware who have frequented the bi-weekly sales, the "Subscription Rooms" form a conspicuous feature, a holy *terra incognita* to all but the privileged who have the entry. But, while Tattersall's has thus been so closely bound up with the steady development of that betting on horse-races which has marked the past century, it is a fact worthy of note that none of the members of the firm have ever identified themselves with more than the most modest "flutter" on the many hundreds of favourites which have passed through their hands. "Dick" Tattersall, indeed, was so much opposed to what he regarded as a demoralising element in the "sport of kings" that he was often known to return their two guineas, as subscription to the "Rooms," to youngsters who desired to join, accompanying his letter with a few words of advice to avoid the place. With Admiral Rous, and not a few other leaders in our Turf history, the Tattersalls have always held their views as to the influence for evil which would be worked in a noble pastime by the sordid staking of such enormous sums as now change hands after any great race. The Anti-Gambling League, in fact, might with safety appeal to the wisdom of Dick Tattersall in supporting many of the arguments they have recently put forward. A "fiver" was the utmost "Dick" cared to put upon the result of a Derby, the Oaks, or a Leger, a "sweep" of two modest guineas being the feature of the annual dinner held by the firm just before Epsom week.

Of the great sales which the Tattersalls have conducted at "The Corner," at Knightsbridge, at Newmarket, and elsewhere, during more than a century and a quarter, what is to be said except that all the bluest blood in "The Stud-Book" has, it may be reckoned, passed, during that period, through Tattersall's on the many Monday and Thursday sales which have crowded the courtyard with the representative figures of the English Turf over four generations, from the days when wigs and cocked-hats were the fashion, down through the days when beavers and knee-breeches were the vogue, to the frock-coat and silk "topper" or tweed and bowler of to-day. A list of the *habitués* of Tattersall's since its establishment would fill several columns with the names of half the peerage and all the great racehorse-owners during the last hundred years. The Prince Regent was, from the outset, always a familiar figure in the courtyard and the "Subscription Rooms," a warm friend of the head of the firm, and, at one time, indeed, a partner with him in the not by any means financially successful venture which "Old Tat" made in newspaper proprietorship. After a fortnight in prison for a libel which nowadays would call forth little but passing comment, the owner of Highflyer determined to remain faithful to the hammer, and relinquish the mysteries of journalism. It will, perhaps, surprise not a few, even, it may be, Sir Algernon Borthwick, peer-elect, to learn that it was with the early career of the then scurrilous *Morning Post* that "Old Tat," so far from attaining a peerage, burnt his fingers and made acquaintance with the inside of a jail. The memory of the Prince Regent's association with the Tattersalls is to this day kept alive in the bust which still surmounts what has not inaptly been termed the palladium of the firm, the little temple—it would be prosaic to term it a pump—which stands in the centre of the present courtyard, just as it did in the old establishment at Hyde Park Corner, as many still living will doubtless remember. It was in the famous period of the triumphs of Blair Athol and Gladiateur that, in 1865, the ninety-nine years' lease of the old home of Tattersall's—a hundred years "bar one," as Mr. Richard once wittily put it—having expired, and not being renewed by the then Marquis of Westminster, the move was made westwards to the present quarters at Knightsbridge. There, though the whole premises were much enlarged, many of the old features were retained: the little temple already referred to re-erected, the "Subscription Rooms" rebuilt, the courtyard glazed over, and stabling for about 150 horses provided—the horses sold on Monday arriving on the previous Friday—last, not least, the offices, where to this day the privileged, if they penetrate to courteous Mr. Rawlings' room, will find not a few mementoes of the later days of the firm. The older relies, it may be mentioned, have been transferred to Coleherne Court, Earl's Court, Mr. Edmund's London home. At Knightsbridge, however, can be seen a capital presentment on canvas of Mr. Edmund when he was some years younger than, and perhaps not quite so bulky as, the present generation has known him; mounted on a choice hunter, he serves to recall the fact that the Tattersalls, from father to son, have ever been fearless riders to hounds. Old Admiral Rous, on an occasion well remembered by the firm, once expressed the hope that "Tattersall's" would flourish when Macaulay's New Zealander sat moralising on the ruins of St. Paul's. So jealously have the enviable traditions of the house been handed down from father to son, and are likely yet to be continued, that it may without exaggeration be said that the Admiral's hope will find as ready an echo to-day as when, in Willis's Rooms, it was uttered a generation ago.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS.

For those in training for, or practising the various sports and outdoor exercises for which England is so justly famous, it is essential, above all things, that the lungs should have fair play; that the athlete, the gymnast, the sportsman, should be sound in "wind" as well as in limb. How many football matches, for example, have been fairly won through the sheer development of lung power amongst certain members of a side? Breathing power, in short, is the indispensable factor in all sports and outdoor games. By steady and rational training remarkable results may be arrived at, and it is an indisputable fact that the most rapid of these results are to be placed to the credit of those who are users of Géraudel's Pastilles. The action of the Pastilles on the lungs is to give the latter greater elasticity, and in a certain measure to prevent the feeling of suffocation resulting from undue strain upon the lungs, whether from too precipitate or too prolonged exertions. Their use, therefore, cannot be too strongly recommended to footballers, cricketers, runners, boxers, lawn-tennis players, equestrians, rowers, gymnasts, cyclists—in fact, to all who wish to enjoy to the full the benefits and pleasures of our popular sports and pastimes.

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Drawn by A. C. Corbould.



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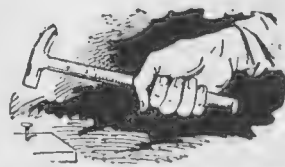
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A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

A sprightly article in one of the magazines on interviewing, by an expert in that art, recalls to me, through one of the myriad avenues of remorse, an act of culpable weakness. I happened to be, years and years ago, in a certain American city with a distinguished person. He was beset by interviewers from morn till eve, and it was part of my duty to keep them at bay and in a good humour. Do you know what it is to withstand the spirit of independent curiosity which waves the Stars and Stripes? Leonidas at Thermopylae, Horatius holding the bridge, are mighty well in tradition; but what would their prowess have availed against an interviewer, especially an interviewer in petticoats? In that American city there dwelt a lady who wrote with great vigour and industry in many papers. One morning her card was brought to the distinguished person, together with another, which also bore a feminine name. "I can't see them," said the D. P.; "you must find out what they want, and tell them as little as possible." The art of interviewing, you perceive, is surpassed by the art of being interviewed, which consists in discoursing with judicious fulness about nothing at all. Now it was obviously too great a strain on my resources to talk at large to both ladies. A choice must be made—a judgment of Paris. Which of them was—not the better-looking:—that element was rigidly excluded from the case—but the more sympathetic, the more delicately and harmoniously receptive?

I presented myself first to the lady of industry and vigour. Her aspect chilled me; she was evidently annoyed to see a deputy, and not the D. P., who had retired into the vague. She had a steely eye, and her mouth closed with a little snap, which was not prepossessing. There was no sympathy here; on the contrary, certain allusions to the D. P.'s mysterious seclusion, in a country where unrestricted inquiry into your neighbour's affairs was the birthright of the free-born, seemed to border on satire. I took my leave with embarrassed generalities, and sought the other lady. Ah, what a difference, what subtle charm, what a pair of eyes! They had nothing to do with the matter, of course; still, when a woman has fine eyes, you cannot treat them as if they were opaque and lustreless. And she fixed them upon me with such a look of timid appeal! Bless me, if here was not an interviewer who was actually apologetic, and even entreating! "I am only a beginner," she explained; "I have never done an interview before." Thank heaven! "It would be so good of you to help me to make a start." I felt that it would! "You see, I am not very well off, and it is necessary to make my own livelihood"—O Golconda! why could I not pour thy treasures into her lap at that instant?—"and my editor says that if I execute this commission successfully he will give me others." Then she smiled, and that settled the business. How could I refuse to aid this fluttering little enterprise? Was it for me, with callous heel, to stamp on such a tender young ambition? Besides, here was the sympathetic ear (a very pretty little ear, though that was irrelevant)—here was the receptive mind. An hour's chat with her would be an agreeable way of opening a promising career, and making a fresh halo for the D. P. brooding in the vague.

That hour's chat lasted a whole morning. The judicious fulness about nothing at all expanded amazingly. This, I saw, was to be an epoch-making interview, and I unlocked the inmost recesses of biographical anecdote. She took notes in a dainty book with a dainty pencil, and presently asked, with becoming hesitation, whether I would show her the room where the D. P. sat and revolved great ideas. Into that apartment she peeped like Fatima into Bluebeard's closet, glancing hastily at the furniture, the window-curtains, and a small bottle which an inadvertent waiter had left in a corner. She enveloped everything in a bird's-eye view, a dove-like glimpse; and I felt that in this interview, at all events, there would be no unpardonable freedoms with intimate details. Then she said she had taken up a great deal of my valuable time. I had told her so much that she did not know how she was going to put it into shape, but she had a dear friend who understood this business very well, and would be sure to help her. I started when I heard the dear friend's name, for she was the lady with the steely eye, and the mouth that closed with a little snap; but I forgot her when my fair interviewer beamed on me gratefully with those astonishing eyes, and when a soft, small hand left behind it a pressure of farewell that was like a tangible regret.

A few days later I journeyed with the D. P. to another city, and on the way we searched the Sunday papers for that interview. He found it, and read with a lowering brow. "What sort of a woman was this

interviewer?" he asked. "Oh, a charming girl, *naïve*, winning, full of sympathy!" I replied. "Ha!" said he, and went on reading. When he reached the bottom of the column, he looked at me fixedly. "So you arranged that the interview was to be with me, eh?" "Yes, so much more interesting, you know." "And you showed her my room?" "Well, just for the sake of local colour, a sort of background." "Ha! And when you kindly impersonated me, was I sitting at breakfast, drinking champagne?" "Good gracious, no! Nothing was said about breakfast." "Then what does she mean by saying that 'the table was littered with the remnants of a hearty meal, and an empty bottle of Pommery showed that the day had begun in excellent spirits'?" This was the contribution of the small bottle in the corner to the local colour! "Very *naïve* and winning!" continued the D. P. "Here's another sympathetic touch. 'His devotion to tobacco is extraordinary, and he generally smokes a hundred cigars a-day.'" "My stars! I *did* say you were a great smoker, but a hundred—"

"And I have a favourite dog, which has been trained to dance the polka when I am shaving!" I groaned aloud. "Certainly I mentioned the dog as a clever little beast, but the polka—"

"When I am at home, I go a great deal into society at Mile End!" "Good heavens! I told her you once attended a meeting there for a charitable purpose!"

"Ha! Doesn't it strike you that this *naïve* young woman was making a fool of you all the time?" I gasped with indignation. "Why, she was a simple, trusting, inexperienced little thing, with eyes full of—"

"Sympathy! I know! Ha!" "She told me it was her first interview, and I'll swear she never made these awful blunders out of malice. Stay!"

I suddenly remembered her dear friend, the lady who wrote with great industry and vigour. Was it possible that *she* had corrected the interview in a spirit of resentment against the judgment of Paris? That remains a mystery; but often in the years that have gone have I been racked by suspicion of my soft-eyed novice. Was it pure ignorance or sardonic mirth that lay beneath that appealing grace? Well, she has long had my forgiveness. Peace to her dainty pencil!

The revelations of the World's Great Marriage Association ought to reassure the public as to the stability of matrimony. There has been something like a panic lately; but it is quite clear that securities on the matrimonial Stock Exchange are still above par. Multitudes of people continue to seek their affinities through the medium of photographs and the music of settlements. It is a wholesome sentiment that connubial bliss is sought entirely for its own sake; but it has a sound commercial basis, which will remain proof against the pessimists. The will to marry is, like the will to live, sustained by a variety of considerations which cannot be suitably expressed in poetry. But to another matter in which women are deeply interested, it seems to me that only rhyme can do adequate justice. I learn from a feminine oracle that mauve, which is the fashionable colour in Paris, is fatal to nine women out of ten. Brunettes must not even dream of it, and fair women can wear it only in very rare cases, if they have "very rosy complexions." Having some acquaintance with minor bards who put their private woes or ecstasies into verse for the evening papers, I invited them to unbosom themselves on this theme. One of them, who is evidently far gone on a girl in mauve, sends me this—

*Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
For love is heaven, and heaven is mauve.*

That is to the point; but, after all, it is only an adaptation, and I think the subject deserves something more original. Another poet, who is better known as a writer of realistic prose, favours me with this not inconsiderable effort of personal feeling—

*The wise have a maxim that no dish
Comes pat to the palates of all;
And colours ostensibly modish,
The latest caprices from Gaul,
Must mate with the fitting complexion,
Not deck fair and dark in a drove—
Does this steep your soul in dejection,
Pale lady in mauve?*

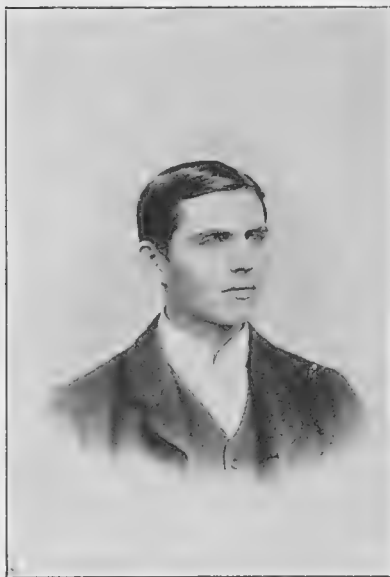
*That tint (so they say) makes its fellow
The face that is dyed with the rose,
But impishly lures forth the yellow
In cheeks where the red never glows.
Yet yours have a magical pallor—
A spell that no rose ever wore—
Serenely you mock at its valour,
My lady in mauve.*

*Princess, with the grace of the lilies,
And eyes passion-lighted of Jove,
There's always a way where the will is,
Dear lady in mauve.*

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I am very sorry to hear that several men well known on the racecourse have been hit hard during the last two months, owing to having gone in for a new form of speculation. The parties referred to were not content with backing horses, so they entered deeply into the South African gamble, and, after numerous "puts" and "calls" in gold-mine shares, they find themselves in a tight place. They have had no chance to follow the profits, and now they must cut the losses, with disastrous results. I have had a large, very large, experience in Stock Exchange speculation, and I know a bit about gambling on the Turf, and I am convinced the two forms of speculation do not go well together. Men like Colonel North and Mr. Barney Barnato might be lucky on 'Change, they are just the opposite on the Turf; while, *per contra*, men who can win money at racing do not take long in losing it in the City.

When visiting Newmarket, I always call upon Mr. Clarence Hailey, in the High Street, just to have a look at the latest photographs of race-horses and racing men. Mr. Hailey was born in Suffolk thirty years



MR. CLARENCE HAILEY.
Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

ago, and learnt his profession with Mr. Thomas Fall, of Baker Street, N.W. Mr. Hailey has been in business for himself eleven years, and now he has large establishments at Ordnance Road, St. John's Wood, and at Newmarket. Photography is not the mechanical affair the public think it is. It is necessary, nowadays, to do something more than merely press the button to produce a successful picture. With animals, especially blood-stock, it has shown the plain truth as compared to many paintings. Photographers, be it understood, have not the power to make any certain pose, or always to choose a good background, as animals must have shelter from cold winds. Mr. Hailey is proud in the fact that pictures of his, worked in black-and-white, are in the Queen's possession, and many of the *élite* own specimens of his handiwork. Mr. Hailey

finds the leading owners, trainers, and jockeys to be good customers, and he has a large connection among sporting men and others.

It is gratifying to hear that the railway companies have at last made the necessary arrangements whereby horses can be sent by special train from Newmarket to Leicester each day that racing is held at the Oadby enclosure. Of course, many horses are shy feeders, and it would ruin their chance of success to send them overnight. At the same time, it would pay Clerks of Courses to be able to report as many arrivals as possible overnight, and I think at all racecourses free stabling and provender should be a *sine quâ non*. Large crowds are not attracted to racecourses by mere entries. What the public look for is the chance of good sport, which is assured if a good arrival list is published in the morning papers.

There are any number of professional steeplechase jockeys available this year, but I am afraid they will not all be busily engaged, as several horses are always steered by amateurs. Harry Escott will, as usual, ride for his own stable. Dolling should be busy, and Swinton has a stable full of horses. R. Nightingall will ride for his brother Willie, while Arthur is likely to get plenty of riding, as he has a useful lot of jumpers under his charge. Further, he will often ride for Collins's stable. Halsey, the brothers Woodland, J. Jones, and James will ride many of the horses trained on the South Coast. The jumpers trained at Newmarket may be ridden by H. Barker, G. Morris, Mumford, and R. Chaloner. Driscoll rides the animals under his charge. In the North of England, Knox, R. Clarke, W. Daniels, and Lawton will be busy; and of the Midlanders, Banner, Birch, and last, though not least, G. Williamson, will be available.

The Manchester meeting will be a successful wind-up to a successful flat-race season. The Manchester November Handicap is likely to produce an interesting race, and, it may be, the winner will take some finding. Marco, good colt though he be, surely has too much weight this time, and I doubt if Mr. Barnato will back Stowmarket before the spring of '96. The Docker must have a big chance on the book, and his late stable companion, Newcourt, has been thrown in. However, I like the chance of Indian Queen, having had a good look at her on Cesarewitch day. She may have most to fear from Cypria.

The "battle of the tapes" will next year be fast and furious, and, if all I am told is true, we shall get the "1, 2, 3" of all races almost as quickly as we now get the winner. This, I should say, might be easily done, provided the reporter could hold the wire, though this part of the business would, at times, be a tall order, as so many men on the course seem to have a special mission to send off the winner only to small punters in all parts of the country. Why this is so I could never make out, unless it were possible to back the winner after the event.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Ian Maclaren's new book, "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" (Hodder and Stoughton), is one of the most successful sequels ever written. It is quite unnecessary to criticise it. Whatever applies to "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" applies in fulness to its successor. There is the same abundant pathos: humour is not wanting; and the ideal, rather than the real, is constantly depicted. The fact that over forty thousand copies of this book were ordered within a week of publication is a witness to the romanticism of the human heart.

In Mr. William Watson's new volume, "The Father of the Forest" (Lane), there is more warmth and colour than he has accustomed us to expect; and those who regard clear, cold shapeliness as the fit expression of his genius may not welcome them as I do. But, with this increase of warmth, there is no forsaking of his own individuality. He does not instinctively pipe the soft notes of love, and he rarely makes any pretensions in that direction. Indeed, in his Apology here, there is a fine protest against the narrowing of the poet's themes by those who understand no inspiring passion save the tender one. Mr. Watson's attitude to modern life is robust and dignified; and out of the public matters that affect the commonweal he extracts poetry. "In Man's life," he says—

Is room for great emotions unbegot
Of dalliance and embracement.

Just at this particular hour of the day it is no superfluous reminder.

The sea-poem that made so great a stir is here, but, though rhetorically it is finer, poetically it seems to me less fine than the newer "Father of the Forest," from which lines run in my ears after one reading, notably from one verse—

For not though mightiest mortals fall,
The starry chariot hangs delayed;
His axle is uncooled, nor shall
The thunder of His wheels be stayed.
A changeless pace His courses keep,
And halt not at the well of sleep.

Mrs. Hinkson shows a happy knack in her "Miracle Plays" (Lane). Is it impolite or blasphemous to speak of "knack" in this connection? At least, the word is apt. She might have written them more after old models, and, very likely, have so lost many a reader. Or she might—rather, another might—have imported into them modern complicated and highflown sentiments, and made them at once incongruous. But, by her great talent for simplicity, she suggests the past, and speaks to the willing ear of to-day. Of the six little verse-plays, only the first, "The Annunciation," has pleased me quite; but it is such genuine poetry, so unaffectedly simple, and so musical, that it sheds the light of success over all the weaker ones, and makes one all the less willing to forgive Mr. Patten for his illustrations. The picture of the girl Mary is a pretty thing to have wrought—

A living lily that our God
Tends in a garden off the road,
Where never foot of man hath trod,
And evil weeds spring not.

Mr. H. S. Salt and Mr. F. B. Sanborn have edited and selected Thoreau's "Poems of Nature" (Lane). Thoreau's books are now very numerous, and they are nearly all selections. In England, at least—and, I think, in America, too—it is impossible to get a complete edition of his works. True, he wrote a very great deal that was dull, and he repeated himself over and over again. But he is a big-enough man to bear the burden of his own faults; and none, I contend, know Thoreau well who have not had the opportunity of judging the placid daring of his nature, which is given them by a perusal of his translations of Pindar and other Greek poets. From a literary point of view, of course, one cannot seriously regret their omission, seeing that they are not only inadequate, but dull. The editing here is intelligent. I miss, however, a few things, some of them little better than uncouth rhymes, but still with a strong taste of the wild Thoreau about them. But so long as the editors have included his Prayer, one may be satisfied. I imagine it must first have got known to English readers, who did not see the transcendental "Dial," through Laurence Oliphant's "Piccadilly," where it is quoted at length. Its magnificent unsociableness (the prelude to an ideal aspiration), "That I may greatly disappoint my friends," will possibly find some sympathetic echoes even among the gentle readers of this pleasant edition.

Mr. John Buchan's "Sir Quixote of the Moors" (Unwin) has something beyond precocity to recommend it. To have invented the complicated situation, to have shown so forcibly the contrast between the rude Scots of the rough Killing Time and the sunnier nature of the Sieur de Rohaine, and to have uttered in his words some of the desolations of the endless moors, are all genuinely promising things in so young a writer. But the situation is just too cleverly complicated. A young girl is left by her guardian and her lover in charge of an honourable and attractive young man. Guardian and lover are in hiding for their lives, and the lover goes mad. Girl falls in love with honourable and fascinating young man. Question: Is he to leave her unprotected amid the dangers from the soldiers and a mad lover whom she does not love, or to stop and see her passion for him growing? There is no quite honest way out of it; and I doubt whether the Sieur chose even the best. He rode away.

*Elkington's
Table
Plate.*

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**THE WORLD-RENOWNED
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For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair beautifully Soft, for Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour,

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

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"I remain, yours truly,
"FRANCIS CLOSE."

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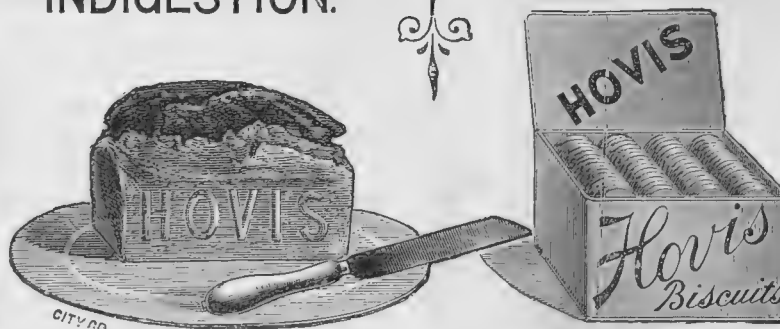
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The appointment of Lieutenant Simpson to the honorary secretaryship of the London Football Association, while it has been received with unqualified approval, is a proceeding not without unexpectedness. As a referee, it was generally understood that Mr. Simpson experienced an amount of difficulty in fulfilling his numerous appointments. Whether the gallant Lieutenant will find the time to steer the business of an association remains to be seen, and, after all, is not a matter for consideration by the general public, since the position has been accepted.

There is more significance about the secretaryship of the London Association than is generally comprehended by the superficial observer. The London Association, so far as I can speak with accuracy without reference, is the only organisation under the Association code which refuses to recognise professionalism. As can well be imagined, bearing in mind the progressiveness of metropolitan football, this policy has not been continued without serious objection from the "revolutionists." In great measure Mr. Gunning is responsible for the amateur status of the London Football Association, and his resignation may haply mark an important crisis in London football.

I must confess that I have not yet divined the personal feelings of Lieutenant Simpson on the matter of amateurism. The common idea is that he is not averse to professionalism, or, at any rate, that he is not so extreme in his views as is Mr. Thomas Gunning. As everybody knows, Lieutenant Simpson is a referee, and a good referee, and in this capacity he has frequently acted in Football League matches. I will not dwell on the subject at present, but I cannot refrain from mention of the significant fact that Mr. F. J. Wall has just resigned his vice-presidency of the London Football Association. Mr. Wall is now the secretary of the Football Association, and his presence in the council of an amateur body was something of an anomaly.

The position of the two divisions of the Football League are invested with peculiar interest. Seldom has the outlook assumed so uncertain an aspect as at present. At the beginning of the season it was widely predicted that Aston Villa were pretty certain to head the poll in the premier class, while, in the Second Division, Liverpool were considered to have a fairly easy task. Well, Liverpool are in sore straits, while, although Aston Villa head the list, it cannot be said that their position is at all comfortable. These surprises are the happiest circumstances that could have occurred. We don't want one-sided competitions. The more problematical the result of the Championship, the greater the interest in the tournaments. In the premier division, the winners could easily be either Aston Villa, Sunderland, Derby County, Bolton Wanderers, Everton, or Stoke. In the other, Manchester City occupy the proudest position, but it can confidently be anticipated that Liverpool, Newcastle United, and Woolwich Arsenal will make desperate attempts to oust the leaders.

It would appear that the Southern League is to go to Millwall Athletic again. Public opinion on the matter must be divided, for, while we are bound to congratulate the Blues upon their remarkable series of triumphs in this competition, it is not satisfactory to see one team continually outshining all contemporaries. It seems to me that Millwall are far too good for their present company. What would please Southern people more than anything else, would be to see Woolwich Arsenal promoted to the First Division of the Football League, and Millwall Athletic take their place in the Second. It would be the first step towards excellence at the Association game in London and the South. It is high time the Metropolis took a proper position in the winter game. At present, we have only to depend on cricket, in which Surrey and Middlesex are owed a debt of gratitude.

Under Rugby Rules, an unusual amount of interest has centred this season in the doings of the University fifteens. It is not that they are any better or worse than in previous years. It may be that the regular clubs in the South are somewhat below form, for, apart from Blackheath, it must be confessed that there is very little "class" about Metropolitan teams. In fact, it is very plain that we are at a very serious disadvantage when comparison is challenged with the Welsh clubs, and, unless some great improvement set in, the prospects for the three Internationals are black indeed, since most of the best of English players are now placed outside the pale of recognition by the Rugby Union.

The opinions expressed on the Light Blue fifteen have been decidedly amusing. While Cambridge were winning, and winning in brilliant fashion, there was no praise too laudatory. Newport's triumph over them damped the enthusiasm somewhat, and insidious cavilling began to be heard. Then, last Wednesday, Cardiff came and drew with the Light Blues, and up went the latter's stock again! Oxford have been pursuing a less brilliant but more steady career. And so it is still difficult to say with confidence which is the stronger fifteen of the two.

I wonder which of the counties will win the County Championship this season? Of course, the South has no chance. It is generally thought that Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex are right out of it, and I am sorry to confess that I have to agree. The worst part of the business is that there are plenty of good men in the South; but they will not turn out in these matches, and so, year by year, the Championship goes to the North. Yorkshire or Lancashire may win again this season, though it is doubtful whether the best fifteen available would not suffer a reverse at the hands of a team chosen from the "outlawed" clubs composing the Northern Rugby Union.

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

I wonder if there will ever be any finality to inventions and records in connection with the sport of cycling? I understand that there is a patent on the board for producing what has been ambiguously called a bi-tricycle. It possesses two front wheels, six inches apart, and worked on independent axles. I didn't know there was any overpowering demand for this class of vehicle, but I don't suppose that will matter. One can hardly blame acute people for making the most out of cycling while the craze lasts. And it does last. Cycling, just now, is more popular than ever it has been before, and that is saying a great deal.

The latest thing in the cycling world is the legless rider. I need hardly add he belongs to America. The Land of the Stars and Stripes contains many wonders, but I question whether there has been anything to beat this staggerer. He is supposed to be thirteen years of age, and, in addition, to be possessed of only one arm, with which, presumably, he pedals. Englishmen must be hungering for a sight of the legless bicyclist. What a pity Barnum is dead—or Ananias!

The next meeting of the National Cyclists Union will be held on Dec. 21. All motions for the agenda should be in the hands of the hon. secretary by Saturday next.

The college sports at the Universities have been pretty frequent during the past week or two, but up to the present nothing startling has taken place. I learn that a match has just been arranged for next Saturday between the Oxford University Hare and Hounds and the Blackheath Harriers. It will be decided over the well-known Shotover Course.

The Oxford and Cambridge cross-country match will be held on Dec. 3, and, seeing that Oxford's number of successes stands at only one less than those of Cambridge—eight to seven—great interest will assuredly centre in the event. At athletics, the sports of Corpus College (Oxford), with a Half-Mile Strangers' Handicap, and those of Jesus College (Oxford), with a similar open event, will be held to-day, the latter being also continued to-morrow. On Friday Queen's College (Cambridge), with a 200 Yards Strangers' Handicap, and on Monday and Tuesday those of the Third Trinity and King's, with a 120 Yards Strangers' Hurdle Handicap, will be brought off.

BOXING.

Within a week or two the season will be in full swing. At present the boxing world, so far as the amateurs are concerned, is not busy, the competitions cropping up at intermittent periods. I am sorry to say nothing has yet been done to bring about a more satisfactory state of "judging." At the recent City of London R. and A. C. competitions a Birmingham amateur made an appearance, and in a near thing the verdict was given against him, much to his disgust. I cite this case not as an instance of faulty decision, but to show how unsatisfactory to competitors is the system in vogue.

One of the easiest winners at the City of London show was E. Mann, of the Lynn B. C. Mann is one of the hard-hitting brigade of boxers. It was his good fortune to be opposed only by a couple of unattached men, and he made very short work of them indeed. It always seems to me a great pity that unattached men are permitted to enter for competitions. Now and then a good man is seen; but, as a rule, they understand very little of the game in hand, and, while experiencing a rough time themselves, irritate even though they amuse the spectators.

Mann is a very strong favourite for the Light-Weight Championship this ensuing anniversary, and I must confess to a partiality for his chance now that Alfred Randell has joined the ranks of the professionals. Still, a great deal can happen between now and April, and not unlikely is it that some star will appear in the boxing firmament to remind us of the good old champions of the past. I should like to see a great revival of public interest in amateur boxing. It is a splendid and manly sport, and cannot be too earnestly cultivated.

GOLF.

The other day a most interesting gathering took place on the course of the North Warwickshire Club at Hampton-in-Arden, when the magnificent new pavilion was opened. Lord and Lady Aylesbury, owing to a domestic bereavement, were unable to attend.

A club has been recently instituted at Port Glasgow. Estimates have been obtained for the laying-out of the course, and the work will be proceeded with forthwith. Mr. J. Duncan has been appointed captain and Mr. F. G. Kerr hon. secretary.

Last Wednesday morning Andrew Kirkcaldy, playing a round with Mr. H. T. Cochrane, M.P., at St. Andrews, succeeded in equalling the record of the ordinary course previously held by Mr. F. G. Tait. He made the brilliant score of 72, doing the outward journey in 38 and returning in 34. His score was—

Out—4 6 3 5 4 5 4 3 4—38.
In—4 3 3 4 4 4 3 4 5—34.

The Bogey Competition and Kirkcaldy Medal of the Oxford University Club will be held to-day, and the Godwin Bogey Competition of the Royal Epping Forest Golf Club to-morrow. The Sutton Golf Club Medal will be decided on Saturday, as well as the Gordon Cup, Captain's Prize, and Monthly Medal of the Royal Epping Forest Golf Club. On Tuesday next, the Cumbræ Golf Club hold a Club Prize and Sweepstakes.

OLYMPIAN.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.

It would not be desirable to write about the state of affairs in Constantinople and the Turkish dominions in Asia Minor in exaggerated or alarmist tones. Yet the reports to hand from all sources unite in representing the present position of things as grave in the extreme. Now it would seem as if the various European Governments had come to the conclusion that their peaceful representations should be backed-up by the only arguments which have hitherto had any effect whatever upon the Sublime Porte. The Duke of Devonshire is no alarmist; indeed, if anything, he is known as a statesman who takes the coldest yet shrewdest view of affairs; but his utterances at Sheffield recently are well worth recalling now. The reports from Constantinople this week more than justify them. "Anyone," he said, who had followed "the course of events both in the provinces and in the capital of Turkey must see that we were not far removed from the reappearance of the Eastern Question, even if it had not already reappeared; and anyone who had paid the smallest attention to the previous history of that question must know what conflicting interests were mainly affected, what conflicting passions might be aroused, and how difficult it might be for the most pacific sovereign or the wisest statesmen to arrive at a pacific or a permanent solution of all the difficulties the Eastern Question might bring us." That the Porte will submit to the impending naval



OCTAKENI MOSQUE, FROM THE BOSPHORUS.

demonstration is more than likely; but it is very doubtful, things have gone so far, whether it can now set its house in order to suit its own wishes or those of the Powers. The wrongs of the Armenians have provoked them lately to take the redress of their grievances into their own hands, and since Sept. 30, when they assembled in the Cathedral of Koum Kapon and refused to act upon the advice of the Patriarch, they have acted in a manner to seriously hamper the efforts of the Ambassadors. The riotous and bloody scenes which followed their attempt to present an address to the Grand Vizier are fresh in the public memory. The news of Armenian attacks upon the Mussulmans in Stamboul, Galata, and elsewhere, and the more savage and brutal retorts of the Turkish soldiery and the Softas, are now inflaming both sides to deeds which may any moment lead to an outbreak which would have serious consequences. The illustrations here given show places within the theatre of the riots and massacres of the closing days of September and the first week of October, including the Galata Bridge across the Golden Horn. The latest news is that the Russian, Italian, and French squadrons have been instructed to proceed towards Turkish waters. Two English vessels are now stationed at Constantinople—the *Cockatrice* and the *Imogene*, a special despatch-boat of 460 tons, under Commander R. W.

Morgan. The battleships of the Mediterranean Squadron are mainly at Lemnos, about forty miles from the entrance to the Dardanelles.



GALATA BRIDGE (TAKEN THE DAY BEFORE THE ARMENIAN DEMONSTRATION).



H.M. DESPATCH-BOAT "IMOGENE."



THE MAIN STREET IN PERA.



ROUMELI HISSAR, A TURKISH VILLAGE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

"DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR CURING CORPULENCE.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the converse of "delightful" that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpulency naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued eighteenth edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulency and the Cure (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate, indeed, a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions, "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage, mixed with mineral waters," are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently by stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge, which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.

CURE OF OBESITY.

Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., has long been famous for his remedy for the cure of obesity. Those who suffer from this difficulty will, by sending sixpence to the above address, receive Mr. Russell's book (256 pages), containing testimonials from a great number of persons who have been benefited by the treatment, as well as a recipe for it. It matters not what be the weather or season, those who are troubled suffer equally in hot weather and in cold: in summer they are overburdened by their own weight; in winter bronchial ailments are set up through the least cold, as the air tubes are not free to act as they would otherwise do without the internal obstruction. Mr. Russell undertakes that persons under his treatment should lose one stone a month in weight, and that their health, strength, and activity should be regenerated.—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say

that on sending cost of postage (sixpence) a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the book containing the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter*.

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled, "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The Editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid—"My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb." Another writes—"So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes—"I am just half the size." A fourth—"I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes—"A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes—"I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says—"It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says—"Step on a weighing machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*.

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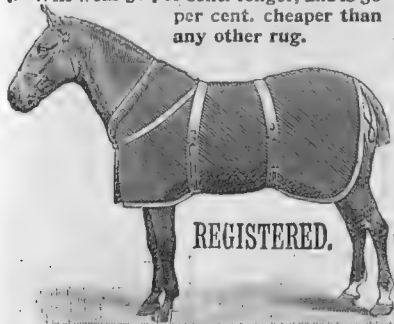


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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I must say, after serious consideration of some of her latest productions, that Dame Fashion has let her fancy run riot as regards our winter millinery, and has in consequence supplied us with some perfectly astounding things in the way of headgear. Fortunately for us, however, she has in a good many cases been quietly but firmly suppressed, and then one can appreciate the underlying charm of her designs.

One of her favourite styles, for instance, is to combine with the wintry solidity of felt the airy lightness of clouds and puffings of tulle or net, and, of course, as you must be well aware by this time, the glory of the flowers that bloom in the spring at Nature's behest is being distinctly put in the shade by the winter-gardens of vivid blooms which are appearing on our hats and toques. As for the chiné ribbons, which seem to have the monopoly for trimming, they will still be with us—I hear on the best authority—when spring comes round once more, so they are really excellent investments, and you can treat yourselves to some particularly lovely varieties on the strength of their lasting popularity.

It was at Peter Robinson's, in Regent Street (Nos. 256 to 264, you will remember), that I discovered the ideal hat, which, in spite of the

brim, and, at the left side, a black ostrich feather waves high, in company with an osprey. I fancy that, when I whisper to you confidentially that the price of this truly pretty thing is only 35s. 6d., you will be impatient to acquire it, though, perhaps, you may prefer its twin sister, whose crown consists of green velvet, and where exquisite dark-hued violets have been chosen in place of the more brilliant roses. I must admit that it was to this one I lost my heart, though portions of it had already been given to a black felt hat, simply covered with a shower of violets and leaves, through which peeped out sundry knots of cerise ribbon, while a black osprey mounted guard at the left side—and all for thirty shillings; another hat, which had a brim of gathered brown velvet and an overhanging crown of brocade, having six feathers of graduated size, to form a sort of fan at the back, held together with an enormous paste buckle, while behind this array of plumes nestled two bunches of yellow roses.

I saw the same idea carried out in violet velvet, *minus* the feathers, but *plus* a wealth of white and purple violets; and I even discovered some of the dainty blossoms lurking in the folds of a little bicycling-toque. So even the New Woman is not impervious to its charms, or, at any rate, Messrs. Peter Robinson won't allow her to be.

And, as it is with the hats, so it is with the dresses, and I have been



fact that it was the latest inspiration of Parisian genius, was practicable for an Englishwoman's daily wear, as you will gather from the accompanying sketch. It is made in fine black felt, the great, wide brim, which sweeps upwards at the left side, being narrowly bound with velvet, while at the right it is held down by a strap of velvet ribbon, fastened with two tiny paste buckles, this strap also marking the termination of a drapery of fancy veil net, which is drawn over the brim at the back. As for trimming, the crown is encircled at the back by many loop-ends of black ribbon, which lose themselves at the left side in two high black ostrich-tips (one being tipped with white) and a great black-and-white osprey, all caught together with a diamond buckle. And still this is not all, for the back of the brim is turned up sharply with a spreading bow of the ribbon and a mass of huge yellow roses, with silk and velvet petals. Altogether, a goodly allowance for one hat, even though it be of exceptional size, and yet, thanks to the manner of its arrangement, there is no sign of overcrowding, and so I gave the whole my unqualified approval, and forthwith secured it for you.

I should also like you to make the acquaintance of the other eminently smart hat which I have had sketched for you, and which, as it is about half the size, will appeal to those of you whose tastes or faces, or both, are not suited by these huge expanses of felt or velvet. Here, the crown is hidden by a high, plain band of rose-pink velvet, and the brim, of black felt, after drooping low at the left side, raises itself coquettishly at the right, preparatory to turning up completely at the back, to allow a great cluster of softly shaded pink roses to rest against the hair. A double frill of black velvet falls over this somewhat erratic



looking with awe and wonder, occasionally mixed with admiration, at some Parisian toilettes which have only just braved the Channel crossing. In one of these, the skirt, of bright violet cloth, was of a width into which I did not care to inquire too carefully, while the entire front of the bodice, sheath-like in its tight simplicity, was of sable, the shoulder-capes, of the same costly fur, terminating at the back in a pointed collar. The cloth sleeves were constructed in some wonderful way by which a broad fold detached itself from the top fullness, and, passing over the fur shoulder-cape, tapered off to a point on the collar-band, while the final touch was given by a rosetted waistband of black-and-white striped silk.

But better still—and, fortunately, less expensive—was a dove-grey cloth dress, a treble row of stitching passing down each side of the skirt, and giving the effect of a panel, while the bodice—cut short to the waist—was a most elaborate affair, with a plain back of the cloth, and side-pieces of black velvet, divided by bands of white satin ribbon from a waistcoat of pale yellow silk fastened with two rows of minute gold buttons. These same straps were adorned with two large cut-steel buttons, and had their origin in smart little rosettes, which were shadowed by the outstanding ends of a great velvet bow which occupied the whole of the back of the collar, and from each of which rose a high black ostrich feather. This dress positively demands a very smart woman as wearer, and it will make amends for its exclusiveness by giving her an added smartness all its own, though, quite apart from the dress, this combination of grey, black, yellow, and white is one which deserves a prominent place on the tablets of our memory.

The most notable feature of the evening-gowns was the introduction of neck-ruffles of roses or other flowers, connected with the low-cut bodices by bands of satin or velvet ribbon—a charming and most becoming arrangement for those who are evidently not destined by Mother Nature to adopt the slipping-off style of corsage, from which



MISS JULIETTE NESVILLE IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL."

only a favoured few can emerge triumphantly; while as to the cloaks, they are nearly all being made in Princess fashion, with stole-ends of fur—one, for instance, being of dahlia-coloured velvet, the fulness of the skirt portion emerging from the hips in some mysterious way, and the yoke being of white satin studded with jet, and closely following the outline of the shoulders, it being, in its turn, bordered with a band of sable, which, after tapering together at the waist, took separate paths down each side of the skirt, ending in distant coolness at the foot. There was a high roll of fur for the collar, and the enormous balloon-sleeves were calculated to go over any monstrosity in the shape of dress-sleeves without the least undignified struggling, a quality for which alone this cloak deserves our gratitude. No wonder that many of the new coats are made with a deep, full cape, to take the place of the sleeves; for, in an ordinary coat, it is a matter of great difficulty to get the arm-holes sufficiently wide without spoiling the smart shape of the garment.

And still we cling to our huge dress-sleeves, and watch them grow and stiffen in their arrogance with unreasoning complacence.

However, they say that the longest lane must have a turning, and surely the "great sleeve" must be nearing the end of its journey, and will presently be lost to sight behind that turning. And then we shall undoubtedly forget its failings, and regret it exceedingly.

As for the trimmings of our gowns and cloaks, we are combining fur, lace, and passementerie in the most recklessly extravagant way, urged thereto by the rich beauty of their appearance; and, indeed, the passementeries grow more elaborate—and costly—every day, studded as they are with many-coloured gems, which shine out from a gold or silver background, the quieter but equally beautiful jet being also well to the fore.

But it will be as well for us to turn now from Parisian eccentricities to the charm of some home productions, in the shape of three gowns fashioned for the adornment of dainty Miss Juliette Nesville in "An Artist's Model." A particularly lovely dress—the one sketched—has a full skirt of gold-shot glacé, piped with white satin, and hanging with that graceful perfection which distinguishes all the skirts of the Maison Jay, the bolero bodice being of white satin, with an appliqué design of

the glacé edged with tiny pearls and the most minute ruffling of lace. Then there are revers of white satin, frilled with plissé chiffon and bordered with an appliqué of yellowish lace, and on the soft vest appear three bows of lace, caught in the centre with diminutive paste buckles.

Secondly comes a quaintly smart Hussar coat-bodice of red cloth, with loosely hanging open fronts barely reaching to the waist, and bedecked with gold- and silver-braided ornaments, this disclosing a softly frilled vest of white muslin, above which rises a collar striped with gold braid. Pippings of braid appear on the fulness of the skirt and the sleeves, and, altogether, there is a subtle fascination about this dress which impels you to go and do likewise—or rather, to let Jay's do likewise on your behalf.

A third evening-dress has its skirt of eau-de-Nil satin glittering with a chain design in pearl and steel paillettes, joined together in amicable wedlock, by means of an emerald-green velvet waistband, to a softly draped bodice of palest green lisse, the sleeves being mere straps of lisse which, even with the addition of bow-ends and plissé frills—of a diminutive character, please note—hardly come under the heading of sleeves, though they are admirable arm-ornaments, if the arm itself be a beautiful one. But it seems to me that the majority of the fashions are designed and destined for those to whom Nature herself has been kind, on the everlasting principle of adding to the store of those who are already amply provided for.

FLORENCE.

BOWLING.

The most remarkable feature of the North of England bowling season, recently concluded, was the performance of the Midland (Withington) Club in the semi-final of the Lancashire and Cheshire Championship. The club had previously won three heats. In the semi-final, against Lancashire, a record was established by winning every game, the club subsequently carrying off the championship. The Midland is, perhaps, the strongest club in the kingdom. In the eight contests that have been fought for the county championship, it has won three times and three times been the runner-up. Bowling is making rapid strides in the North of England. The Lancashire and Cheshire Association, which came into existence eight years ago, numbers thirty-two clubs, and it is anticipated that in the coming year this number will be increased to forty. The Yorkshire Association, which was established at a later period, numbers about twenty-five clubs. Between the two counties annual matches are played, and, in addition, there is, in Lancashire, an "individual merit" competition, for which there are usually over a hundred entries. In the course of the year the Association awards prizes to the value of over a hundred and fifty pounds.

What jaw-breaking names public functionaries have sometimes to deal with! At a recent marriage in the city of pork-butchers, the contracting parties were called respectively Wawrzzi Wiczorkiewicz and Franciszka Roizanska.

The British Cycle Manufacturing Company, Liverpool and London, have secured a large space at the forthcoming Stanley Cycle Show, Agricultural Hall, London, where they will exhibit a special display of twenty safeties, all of their 1896 design. They have some important novelties in store.

The Fourth Annual Smoking Concert of the Iris Cricket Club (Messrs. Mappin and Webb's) is to be held at the Freemason's Grand Hall, Great Queen Street, on Friday evening.

Wiswell. Wells. Lawrence. J. H. Howe. Barlow. J. C. Howe.



White. Howarth. Coombs. Williamson. Sampson. Barnett.

MIDLAND BOWLING CLUB.

Photo by J. Williams, Withington.

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Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 25.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

At last the time has come when one can look backwards at the "October slump" and discuss it as a thing of the past. On several occasions of late, certain authorities have endeavoured to do this, and were astounded to find, just when they were drawing their most eloquent deductions, that the panic had broken out in a more virulent form than ever, and that their arguments were all upset. But this time the actual trouble appears to be really at an end, and we have only to consider what the after-effects may be. To suppose that such a crisis will be forgotten soon is quite unreasonable.

Although it came suddenly, it had been led up to by a year of unbridled buoyancy; and, now that it is over, it will leave its impress on the market in Mining shares for months to come. Although the number and importance of the failures that have taken place in London and in Paris have not been anything like so great as had been anticipated, it must be remembered that this is only half the truth.

The number of firms who had to be "assisted" by their friends in order to avoid default is simply appalling. Mr. Barnato alone is understood to have had no less than seventeen jobbers with their books before him in his office, and to have spent £80,000 in tiding them over their troubles—for "Barney" has been working most pluckily to stem the tide of apprehension. On every side arrangements of a similar kind have been going on, and now, although the situation is peaceful again, the whole Kaffir Market is simply honeycombed with "syndicates" formed during the trouble. In Paris the position is even more uncomfortable, for, in spite of all the Bourse "syndicates," was the fact not forced upon the Haute Banque that intervention was necessary to prevent a smash that would have been absolutely ruinous?

Now, all this "helping" and "assisting" and "arranging" means that market capitalists have all loaded themselves up with shares they do not want, simply because some smaller operators wanted them even less, and it was not expedient to let this disturbing fact be known. The capitalists have taken over this "wreckage-stock" from compulsion, and their aim will naturally be to sell it gradually, without letting their right hand know what their left hand does. Of course, they will endeavour to keep the market as cheerful as possible while they are peddling out this load of bankrupt stock, and any fresh fall of moment is accordingly not to be expected, the big men are too deeply committed. But all the buyers that come along will find plenty of stock awaiting them, and the "bull" will find his efforts as futile as those of a squirrel in his revolving cage.

Every speculator knows how annoying that sort of market is, when every day he is told that there has been strong buying of the stocks in which he is interested, and yet night after night he finds the prices just where they were before, or perhaps even a shade down. Anything is better than a market in which there is "a big tap on," as the market phrase goes; and we fear that the Mining Market will exhibit this unpleasant characteristic for some time to come.

It may take months to digest all the shares that have been taken over during the past six weeks by strong but unwilling hands. In Paris, Berlin, and Vienna the same process will be going on, and all depends on the extent to which public buying revives. Already it is recovering, and dealers are surprised by the persistent stream of orders in tens, twenties, and thirties of shares, which turn out at the Settlement to be for taking-up. A jobber showed us his book on Thursday at about twelve o'clock, and we counted forty deals, the largest of which was 125 Chartered shares. There is no doubt this represents a healthy state of affairs, and, if the public continue to buy Mines again with even one tithe of the late enthusiasm, the hands of the capitalist will soon be free again to support the market; but we fear the revival of buying will be only an apathetic one, and that the improvement in Kaffirs will be very gradual. The market is very much in the position of a man who has been in a condition of continual intoxication for a week, and is now in the first stage of recovery.

But while Kaffirs are likely to go slow in the immediate future, that is all the more reason why other markets should go faster than they have been going of late; and we are inclined to look for a considerable revival of interest in various departments, the West Australian in particular. That market advanced to a certain extent with Kaffirs, but the public were too preoccupied to go in deeply, and the rise was, in great measure, sympathetic. There has been a relapse with Kaffirs, and now the time appears to have come when the strong combinations behind the various groups can come forward with advantage to make their shares more prominent. The public will want some exciting market now, and Westralia is the very place to supply the needful emotion. As yet, there is no overloaded "bull account," as there has been in Kaffirs, and very little stimulus of public buying is required to send the prices of the better-class properties pounds up, and that without going beyond their true merits.

HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway Market has of late been somewhat under a cloud, and, in the absence of business, prices have shown a tendency to sag away. Quotations were further weakened by the political scare, and by the selling of stock by people who had to meet their differences in Mines. The selling, it is true, was not large in amount; but when there are few

or no buyers about, jobbers are naturally inclined to mark down prices as far as they can. The last making-up list affords good evidence of the length to which the movement was carried, most of the quotations exhibiting a decline of from one to three or more points, as compared with the prices ruling at the previous Settlement.

It was to be expected that the better tone prevailing in all the markets this week would be strongly reflected in the Home Railway section, and, as a matter of fact, a great deal of the ground lost has already been regained during the last few days. But there is still margin for improvement, and, unless a war scare or some other adverse influence happens to shake the position, it is probable that the quotations for the majority of Home Railway stocks will continue to advance. Intrinsically, there are good reasons why they should do so. The traffic receipts of the English lines for the nineteen weeks to date show an almost uniform series of increases, the only important exceptions being the North-Eastern and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln. The Great Eastern has done remarkably well, while the Great Northern, the Great Western, the London and North-Western, the South-Western, and the Brighton have substantially increased their earnings. The Midland has only a comparatively moderate increase, considering the sum-total of its earnings, while the North-Eastern and the Sheffield show decreases.

A WESTRALIAN QUARTETTE.

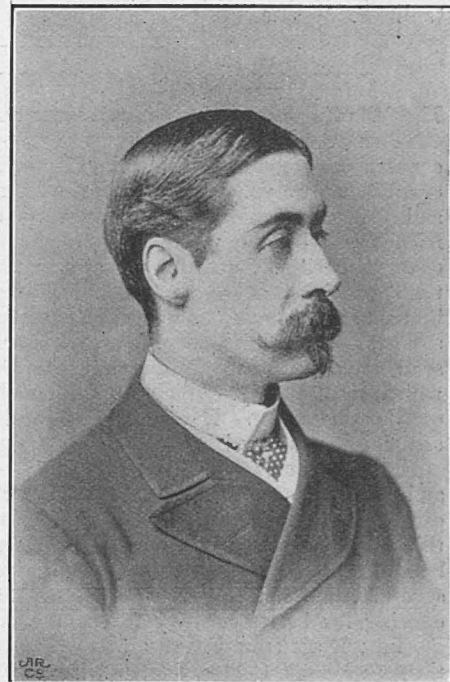
A group of Westralians of some interest—and, what is more to the point, apparently of real value—is that comprising West Australian Exploring and Finance, the London and Globe Finance, and their offspring, the well-known Wealth of Nations, and Paddington Consols. The record of the parents is very satisfactory, not a little owing to a reliable agent in Westralia, who is possessed of much mining skill. Mr. Kaufman's reports are not of the glowing "20 oz. to the ton" description; but the public rather like the fact, as was seen in the marked over-application for shares in the subsidiary companies. These latter incidents, indeed, caused a little ill-feeling; for, having applied for Paddington Consols some five or six times over, the public abused the directors, for the unusual recognition of applicants' rights in granting a *pro rata* allotment, with as much heartiness as they would have shown had the directors distributed the shares among a chosen few.

The directorates are really among the strongest recommendations of the companies, for they comprise men who have reputations to lose, as well as practical knowledge to back their good name. We believe all four to be honest, and the market recognises the fact, too, as was shown last Saturday week. A "slump" is a wonderfully good winnowing-fan, and, with Wealth of Nations remaining at $\frac{1}{4}$ premium and Paddingtons at par during the worst of the storm, those responsible could view matters with equanimity.

Although the subsidiary companies are not yet in full working order, and the Paddington Consols property must be regarded as to some extent unproved, enough is known of both to render them fair subjects for hopeful speculation. The capital of the Paddington Consols is £175,000, of which £50,000 is working capital. The property consists of eighty acres in the Hannan's district, and there is little fear in regard to the timber and water supplies. The Wealth of Nations property is more developed; the capital is £200,000, of which a quarter is working capital, and the area of the mining leases is thirty-six acres. Both properties are said to be excellent, and the opinion is likely to be found correct, which is more than can be said for many expert statements.

As to the merits of the parent companies, it is even easier to speak. The Exploring and Finance is the elder of the two, and the fact, perhaps, gives it a greater value, but both are excellently managed, and both have been free from the taint of suspicious offspring. With such men as Lord Lock and Sir William Robinson on the boards, this is only what might have been expected. Mainland Consols and Golden Crown, the two earlier promotions, stand at considerable premiums. The two later productions bid fair to rival their elders. These results inspire confidence for the future, and lead us to hope for a continuation of the large earnings which have resulted in dividends, likely to be substantially increased, in the case of Exploring and Finance, and to produce equally good results for the shareholders of the London and Globe.

We attribute these results to good management, a high reputation,



MR. SINCLAIR MACLEAY,
CHAIRMAN OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS, LIMITED.
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

and an ability to float subsidiary concerns at moderate profits, while taking care that these profits shall exist in reality instead of being only so much paper value, which has a tendency to vanish in times of difficulty. The public may, we think, safely place their money in the concerns of this group, with some assurance of obtaining profits on the rise, and a hope, for the future, of substantial dividends.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. J. B. ROBINSON.

In consequence of the interest which our notes upon the Robinson Diamond-Mine have produced among many readers, we determined to see Mr. J. B. Robinson, and obtain from his own lips some account of the present position of his pet baby. On Friday we were fortunate enough to find Mr. Robinson at his office in Prince's Street, and learnt we had come in the nick of time, for a large parcel of diamonds, valued in all at about £8000, was on the table, and had just been sorted by experts, who left the room almost as we came in.

Mr. Robinson informed us as he undid the packages of precious crystals—which looked, in many cases, like the commonest sea-shore pebbles—that the parcel before us was the result of trial washings from all the levels of the mine, and that he considered the result very satisfactory. Upon the whole it is probable that the dirt down to the 70 ft. level—the deepest point yet reached—will yield about 12 carats to the 100 loads. The area of the mine represents about 700 claims, but an adjoining farm has been lately acquired, the washing machinery has been put up, and about 250,000 loads of yellow and blue dirt is on the floors awaiting the action of the sun and the rain to make it into washable material. The ground has been proved to a depth of seventy feet, where the yellow ground changes into blue, and it is hoped that by the beginning of the new year regular washing will commence. Mr. Robinson gave us a very interesting account of the discovery of the mine, which our space forbids us to dwell upon, and wound up by expressing his opinion that it was a speculation which promised well, especially as he had just received by telegram news of the finding of a splendid stone weighing 73½ carats, which is now on its way to this country. The capital of the company is only £400,000. Mr. Robinson, whose luck is proverbial, owns about three-quarters of the shares, and for those of our readers who want a speculative investment and who can afford to risk two pounds on the chance of making ten, we should say buy and lock away a few shares in the mine.

A WARNING.

We have addressed warning after warning to our readers about the group of slate-quarries which have now been fairly exposed, but the promoters appear to have been so successful among the unsuspecting country investors that the same debenture and bonus-share idea has been adopted in the case of a prospectus concerning the East Kent Brickworks which is being circulated. We advise our friends to have nothing to do with the company, and we warn any correspondents who may afterwards write to us for advice upon the subject that they will get very little sympathy if they neglect this warning.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE COOLGARDIE CONSOLIDATED GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, is a concern promoted by the Yilgarn Exploring Company and another affair of a like nature which rejoices in the high-sounding title of the London and General Exploration and Development Company. We trust our friends will let the whole thing alone, for we confess we like nothing connected with it, without going into the question of the inopportune time at which it is issued. In subscribing for new companies, it is far better to get a small allotment of a concern which comes from a powerful source, and for which there is every prospect of a good market, than to send your money to a thing like the Coolgardie Consolidated, out of which results only—which cannot be obtained for months—will ever enable you to get. If our readers would bear this in mind, half the complaints addressed to us by correspondents would never be penned.

THE TUCUMAN SUGAR COMPANY.—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. are offering £300,000 6 per cent. debentures at par. We cannot understand how anyone can be foolish enough to subscribe for this South American concern on such terms when there are plenty of home Industrial companies which will give nearly as good interest, and several American Brewery debentures to be picked up cheaper, and offering far better security for money, in our opinion.

THE DOMINION COTTON MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED, are offering, through Messrs. Coates, Son, and Co., 1,500,000 dollars 4½ debentures, to pay off the present six per cents. and all the remarks made about the Tucuman Sugar bonds apply to this affair, only more so. We sincerely hope none of our readers will be foolish enough to apply for either issue, and, if by any unlucky chance they have done so, we advise a telegram of withdrawal as soon as these lines meet their eye.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—In our issue of Nov. 6, in answer to a correspondent, we said that there was a regular mess over "The Liberty Company." We ought to have said "The Liberty Consolidated Gold-Mining Company, Limited," to which the answer referred. It is needless to say that we did not mean any allusion to Messrs. Liberty of Regent Street, and it was not present to our mind at the time that such an idea could be derived from the answer.

J. W. R.—The four industrial concerns you name are all very good, and,

provided you understand you run the risks of trade and may find yourself short of dividend in one or other some fine half-year, you may fairly invest in them. We may suggest that, in addition to the concerns you mention, you spread your money over the following eight stocks, putting £500 in each:—(1) New York Brewery 6 per cent. debentures, (2) Imperial Continental Gas stock, (3) Ely Brothers, (4) Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa preference shares, (5) Industrial and General Trust Unified stock, (6) New Primrose shares, (7) Johannesburg Waterworks shares, (8) Assam Railway and Trading pre-pref. shares.

J. B.—No.

LIEUT. R.N.—Hold No. 1 as an investment. No. 2 is a good mining speculation, but take a reasonable profit on half your holding and a good profit on the balance. We do not like No. 3, but doubt if you can get out.

SOUTHERN CROSS.—(1) We have no special information, but think it is probable the *African Critic* is right. (2) Badly. (3) Have nothing to do with this concern. (4) We know nothing of it. (5 and 6) Both the exchanges you suggest appear to promise well, but we should, in each case, hold half stock and exchange half. (7) We really do not know what "deproclaimed" means, nor are we able to give you the general law about minerals of the Transvaal, or any other foreign country.

J. B. (Forres).—The first four shares you name may be bought with considerable confidence just now, especially if you do not purchase more than you can pay for at a pinch. The last two are speculations pure and simple, neither of which we recommend.

BRILLIANT.—(1) We doubt if you will get out of this without loss, but, if the shares were ours, we should hold for a rise. (2) We presume you have made a profit on these shares from your letter. The mine is a splendid one, but you might sell part and hold part. Buy with the proceeds Burbank's Birthday Gift, or Bonanzas (South African). We really do not know if the wish of the shareholders will be carried out and a London office opened, but we hope so. It would tend to raise the price. We really know nothing about the life of the mine, which would require full reports, plans, &c., to determine.

MAIS.—You really ought to know far more about the Gold-fields of Siam than we do, but, except at rubbish prices, we would not touch it. The stories you tell have been more or less circulated here, and we had heard them, but as to their truth nobody but Messrs. Rothschild and the directors can really know, and they won't tell.

K. P. W.—There is no market here for the trawling concern you mention, and no jobber we have found has ever heard of it. The market for such a thing would be local, and you should try Bristol or Plymouth brokers.

SIMPLICITY.—(a) You might buy with reasonable confidence now. If you wait till the next boom comes along, you will surely get in at the top. (b) The connection between Turkey and Mining prices has been dealt with in *The Sketch* several times. Shortly put, it is that, in case of European intervention, and a break-up of the Turkish Empire, there is danger of a European war, in which case there would be no market for Mines. (c) If, by any bad luck, England got to loggerheads with France or Russia, everybody would be sellers, and prices would, of course, disappear, so the very thought of such a thing gives people the "blues." (d) All the shares you name, except Cripple Creeks, are good to buy, especially 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7.

OVEM.—You are very hard to please. Absolute safety and 6 per cent. do not go hand in hand, but you may reasonably invest your legacy in New York Brewery 6 per cent. debentures at about 96. They are the cheapest thing we know.

PEAK.—(1) Yes. (2) We cannot give you a Mining share for a certain rise in the next month. (3) A pure swindle. If you were game to fight, or even to send a lawyer's letter, we think the people would disgorge.

J. A. M.—We believe the concern you mention to be rubbish, which was got off by advertising touts on the public. There is a report from the company's manager in the financial papers of Nov. 15. We should hold for the next rise, and then get out. It seems folly to sell even rubbish at this moment. We know of no cheap shares that are more than gambles. You had far better buy Burbank's Birthday Gift, or Robinson Diamond-Mines, and lock them up.

SCOTUS.—All the shares you mention are good to buy. The diamond-mine is a gamble, but a good one, as you will see by our remarks in this week's "Notes." We think well of Rand Mines if you pay for what you buy and lock them up.

R. B.—The first two shares you mention are very good. The lease called Great Boulder North is splendidly situated, if it is owned by the company you are in; but we doubt it. Inquire from the company what they do own. As to the last concern you name, we confess we have no information.

J. S.—We have so often answered the questions you put about Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. that we had hoped all our readers knew exactly how matters stood. The bonds they advertise are genuine enough, but they charge about 25 per cent. above the market price for most of them. We can, by private letter, send you the names of half-a-dozen firms who will deal in the same things at the proper market prices of the day.

H. E. W.—By a mistake, your initials were last week made "H. E. M." We apologise for the mistake. The leases appear under the name of Lily Australis in the Government map, and seem to be on the main line of the reef. You have been a victim of a touting firm, who have probably taken all the shares at a low price and are peddling them off on the public. We do not even know whether any company is registered. Of course, if not, you could indict for fraud. Under the circumstances, we advise you to demand delivery and search at Somerset House, to see if there is such a company. We will do this for you if you like, but the cost will be five shillings. We return your papers.

FRESH ONE.—We would not touch the people you mention with a barge-pole, and if you deal with them on their "cover system" you will get fleeced. For a gamble, buy Gladiators, Menzies Gold Estates, Burbanks, or Randfonteins.

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Nov. 20, 1895.

Signature.....